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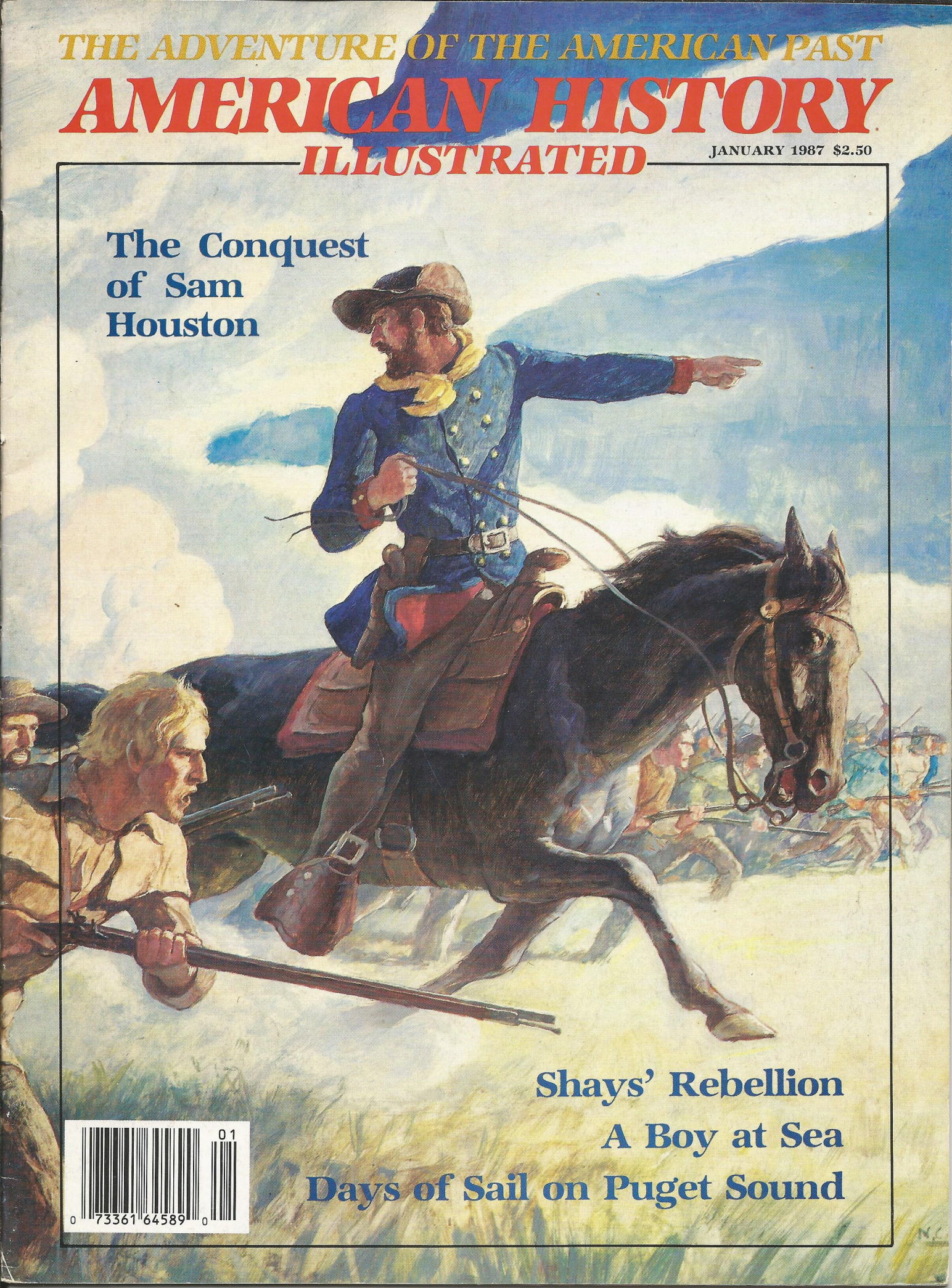

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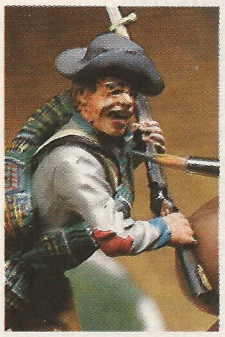

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Mailbox

Correcting a Correction

I very much enjoyed Jeffry Wert's "Germantown," [September 1986 issue] and found it quite helpful when I attended the reenactment of the battle on October 4. I am, therefore, appalled by the letter in the November issue claiming that the 40th Regiment did not exist during the War of Independence, and that the 42nd Regiment, the Black Watch, defended the Cliveden (Chew) House.

The 40th Regiment did exist in 1777 and still does. It was raised in 1717, and today it is part of the Queen's Lancashire Regiment.

The 42nd Regiment did not defend the Chew house. It was not even at the Battle of Germantown. The 42nd and 10th Regiments were stationed at Billingsport, New Jersey. Archibald Forbes writes about the battle in his book, *The Black Watch*:

"With six companies of the 40th, however, Lieutenant-Colonel Musgrave threw himself into a large stone house from which he annoyed the assailants with such effect as to arrest their progress till General Grey arrived with his brigade and supports and forced the Americans to retreat."

I suggest that anyone interested in the Battle of Germantown check out these books:

Encyclopedia of the American Revolution by Mark Boatner; *The War of the Revolution* by Christopher Ward; Major John Andre's *Journal*; and *Revolution in America: Confidential Letters and Journals of Adjutant-General Major Baurmeister* edited by Bernard Uhlendorf.

I also recommend the reenactment of the battle that is staged in and around the Chew house every year near the anniversary date of October 4. It is entertaining and informative.

William B. Smith
Lexington, Massachusetts

Honors to Adams

I was so very excited to read Paul Rosta's "John Adams" [November issue]. It is unfair to this great patriot that he does not receive the honors due to him. Perhaps being a realist in an era of idealism cost him popularity, but whatever it was in the eighteenth century, he certainly deserves better from us today.

I would be very interested in reading more articles on John Adams and his family. The Adams family contributed extensively to its country through four generations. A family whose expectations raised some Adams family members to greatness, others to despair.

It is a very absorbing story of a great American family. I think you would find some interesting stories in the lives of the Adams family.

Any of your readers who would be visiting the Boston area would find it worthwhile to visit Quincy. The National Parks Service conducts tours of the renovated birthplaces of John Adams and John Quincy Adams. Also, the Adams National Historic Site (the "Old House") is open to the public. The "Old House" was the home of four generations of the Adams family.

Thera L. Littleton
Columbus, Indiana

German-Americans Suffered

Carl W. Maiwald makes a good point in his letter [October "Mailbox"] about the treatment of German-Americans during World War One. Anyone of German ancestry was fair game in those years. An uncle of mine was a nurseryman in New Jersey who bought more war bonds than any of his neighbors but he had been born in Germany and so was hated. My cousin Frank Luke, Jr., who was the second ranking fighter ace of the American Air Service (and best known as "The Balloon Buster") was under some suspicion because his father had been born in Germany. Frank Luke, Sr., was born in Prussia in 1859 and came to the United States in 1866 at the age of seven, yet he was still suspected enough to cause his American fighter pilot son to be under surveillance to some small extent. Far worse was the treatment given to Frank Luke, Jr.'s sometime wingman, Joseph Wehner. Wehner had actually been born in Germany and was harrassed constantly, according to the reports I've read. He was hounded enough to have the ill-treatment affect his personality. Wehner shot down eight German planes before he was killed in action,

but that did not matter to the red-white-and-blue bigots who hated everything German.

R.G. Schipf
Missoula, Montana

Donner Fate Avoidable?

I have read with some interest "A Girl With the Donner Party," by Virginia Reed Murphy, [September/October issues].

I note, however, that the author skims lightly over that part of the story that sets the Donner Party apart from any other pioneering tragedy recorded in American history. That, of course, is the cannibalism that was resorted to, both at the Donner Lake camp and by the survivors of the "Forlorn Hope."

You cite for additional reading *The History of the Donner Party* by Charles F. McGlashan (Stanford University Press, 1947), which covers this phase of the tragedy in detail, and without which the complete story cannot be told.

I once visited Donner Lake in 1929, and there purchased a copy of Mr. McGlashan's book, this one published in 1927 by A. Carlisle and Co., Printers, San Francisco, autographed by the author himself, and dated July 15, 1929 at Truckee, California. First copyrighted by him in 1879 and written in the flowery style of the time, I presume that more modern editions are written in the same. Mr. McGlashan, living near Truckee, California, and a very old man in 1929, devoted many years of his life to investigating and recording events relating to the Donner Party, and may be regarded as a prime authority on the subject.

The entire Donner Party had an obsession that its only salvation lay in surmounting the Sierra Nevada range into temperate California, through fifteen to twenty feet of snow, which proved futile while exhausting themselves and their animals in united and sporadic attempts. Only seven survivors of the "Forlorn Hope" eventually accomplished this feat that resulted in belated relief.

With the wisdom of hindsight, I have always wondered why the entire party, when it became evident that it could not go forward, and while still able, did not retrace its route out of the deep snow belt into areas thirty or forty miles eastward, say near the site of Reno, Nevada, which enjoys a fairly moderate winter climate. It is likely that to such areas much of the wild game, on which the party could have subsisted, had retreated.

Donner Lake (then called Truckee Lake), only a few hundred yards from the camp, was teeming with trout. McGlashan mentions a half-hearted and unsuccessful attempt to catch them before the lake froze over, but never thereafter. Apparently no one in the party realized that trout could have been readily caught through the ice, which could have been dug or melted down to through any depth of snow. It is well known that ice fishing can be highly productive, and the party might have been saved from cannibalism.

In the absence of a strong man like James F. Reed, the Donner Party was scattered and leaderless. George Donner, the presumed leader of the party, was incapacitated, and encamped with his family seven miles from the Donner Lake camp, and was never present there.

It appears that this lack of leadership played a large part in the calamity that befell the Donner Party—that, and the fatal decision to take the "Hastings Cut-off."

L.H. Orebaugh
Traverse City, Michigan

An Encouraging Word

There were many occasions during the early years of my subscription to *American History Illustrated* (which began in late 1978) when I was close to cancelling because of the poor quality of the writing and poor choice of articles.

It is a pleasure for me to state, however, that for the last few years there has been an amazing and most welcome improvement in these same two respects.

Whoever has been instrumental for this marked improvement should be praised and thanked in no uncertain terms for raising *American History Illustrated* to its current level of excellence.

Keep up the fine work!

Kalvin Pogoloff
Westbury, New York

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VOLUME XXI, NUMBER 9 JANUARY 1987

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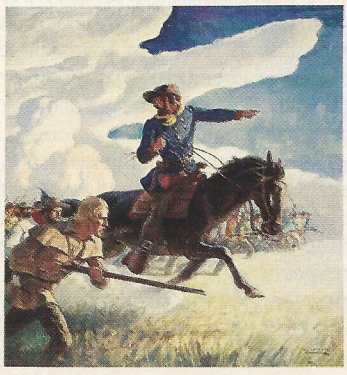
Features

Departments



Cover

Texas patriot Sam Houston, portrayed here by illustrator N.C. Wyeth during his stunning victory over Santa Anna at San Jacinto in 1836, encountered crises in his private as well as his public life. An article in this issue focuses on some of those personal challenges—and on the woman who, through an unlikely partnership, helped Houston to meet them.

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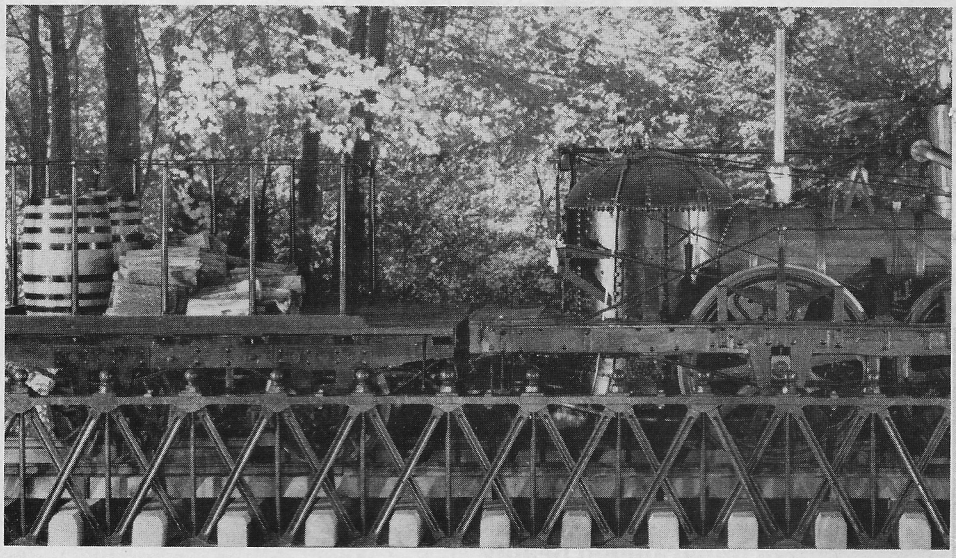
New Exhibit at Smithsonian



The Smithsonian's National Museum of American History, Science, Technology, and Culture recently opened a new permanent exhibition, "Engines of Change: The American Industrial Revolution, 1790-1860." While the exhibition is primarily comprised of important new machines that resulted from the Industrial Revolution in England and America, the exhibition also documents how that revolution affected the lives of Americans as technology interacted with culture and society.

Over 250 artifacts are included in the exhibition, which features the John Bull locomotive, the world's oldest operable self-propelled vehicle [displayed crossing the first iron railroad bridge in America]; recreated machine and clockmaker's shops; operating steam engines; and the first successful power textile machine in the United States.

The opening display area features American technological achievements as exhibited at the 1851 London Crystal Palace Exposition (the first world's fair) where American technology was rewarded with more prizes than entries from any other nation. The McCormick reaper, the Bond astronomical apparatus, the Chickering piano, and the Palmer artificial leg are among the artifacts included in this area.

Also on display are tools commonly used by eighteenth-century farmers, parts of a sawmill, a David Rittenhouse clock, a John Prince air pump, and a spinning machine.

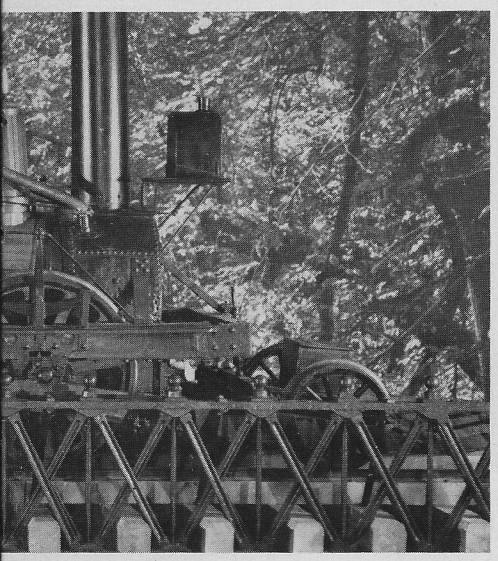
By examining these machines and the people who invented, built, operated, and owned them, the story of the American nation in the midst of the upheaval of the Industrial Revolution can be more clearly understood. The social effects of the Revolution—an uneven distribution of wealth, increasingly dangerous workplaces, and labor strife—were just emerging in the nineteenth century. As the century drew to a close, even larger factories and an even

National Bicentennial Writing

The Commission on the Bicentennial of the United States Constitution, in cooperation with the American Bar Association and USA TODAY/ Gannett Co., is sponsoring the National Bicentennial Writing Competition for High School Students. The competition's theme is "The Constitution: How Does The Separation of Powers Help Make It Work?"

The competition is open to all students in grades 9-12 for the 1986-87 school year or who are 14-18 years old [students with a high school diploma or its equivalent or those enrolled full time in college are not eligible].

A $10,000.00 national award will go to overall winner selected from top state winners. Three awards of $1000.00, $500.00, and $250.00 will be given to winners in each state,



greater inequality between owners and workers emerged, forcing a new order on American society.

Two new Smithsonian publications have been released in conjunction with the exhibition: *Engines of Change: The American Industrial Revolution, 1790-1860* by Brooke Hindle and Steven Lubar, and *Engines of Change: An Exhibition on the American Industrial Revolution at the National Museum of American History* by Steven Lubar, which focuses specifically on the exhibition itself and includes color and black-and-white photographs of the exhibit's artifacts.

The museum is open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. daily except Christmas Day, and admission is free.

For further information, contact the museum at 14th Street and Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., or write or call the Smithsonian Information Center, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, (202) 357-2700.

Competition

District of Columbia, and combined territories. First-place winners will also receive an all-expenses-paid round-trip to Washington, D.C., with a teacher or other adult in September 1987, at which time the national winner will be announced.

For complete rules and entry forms write: National Bicentennial Writing Competition, P.O. Box 50184, Washington, D.C. 20004. ★

Shays' Rebellion

A Black Cloud that Rose in the East

Two hundred years ago in Massachusetts, rebels led by Daniel Shays defied the military, closed the courts, and prompted government leaders from Maine to Georgia to call for a new constitution for the United States.

by Brian McGinty

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS ALARMED, Abigail Adams was dismayed, and Thomas Jefferson was mildly bemused. "Good God!" exploded the squire of Mount Vernon when he heard news of the bloody riots that were spreading through western Massachusetts in late 1786 and early 1787: "Who, besides a Tory, could have foreseen, or a Briton have predicted them?" The ever-perceptive wife of John Adams, then living in London where her husband was American minister to Great Britain, was less explosive than Washington but no less distressed by the disturbances that were shaking her native Massachusetts. "I wish I could say that report had exaggerated them," Mrs. Adams wrote to Thomas Jefferson, then American minister to France. "Ignorant, restless desperados, without conscience or principles, have led a deluded multitude to follow their standard, under pretense of grievances, which have no existence but in their imaginations." Replying to Mrs. Adams, Jefferson agreed that the acts of the Massachusetts rebels were "absolutely unjustified," but he expressed doubts that they threatened any "serious consequences." "I hold it," Jefferson added philosophically, "that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical . . . It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government."

The "disturbances" that provoked the comments of George Washington in Virginia and Abigail Adams and Thomas Jefferson on the far side of the Atlantic were the popular uprisings that historians would remember as "Shays' Rebellion"—so named for their best-known leader, an impoverished farmer and one-time captain in the Continental Army named Daniel Shays. The uprisings proved to be the most serious threat to American civil authority at any time before the outbreak of the Civil War. By adding to the nation's growing sense of political weakness and disarray, they helped fuel the fires that led to the Constitutional Convention held at Philadelphia in 1787 and to the establishment of the great political charter that would later serve as the foundation stone of American law and government.

Opposite: Discontented Revolutionary War veterans—threatened with loss of their farms due to indebtedness—seize a courthouse in western Massachusetts in 1786. Although the uprisings later remembered as "Shays' Rebellion" ended with defeat of the rebels in 1787, the events nevertheless had a profound effect on the course of U.S. history.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, NEW YORK CITY

"SHAYS' REBELLION" had its roots in economic malaise, political uncertainty, and the young nation's struggle to establish a national identity in the difficult years that followed the end of the Revolutionary War. Though the insurrection reached its violent conclusion in Massachusetts, it threatened to spread to other New England states as well; and some national leaders, especially those who would a few years later rally under the political banner of the Federalist Party, were sure that it threatened the political independence of the United States itself.

Economic troubles, not surprisingly, lay just beneath the surface of the political agitation. The Revolution had disrupted traditional trade routes with Great Britain and the West Indies and brought about profound changes in domestic life. Familiar economic patterns of colonial life had been replaced by new and, to many, strange and intimidating business practices. England's postwar decision to forbid trade between the United States and the British colonies in the West Indies posed acute problems for shippers, merchants, and struggling manufacturers in New England—and particularly in Massachusetts. The Bay State, reeling under a public debt of fourteen million dollars, saw specie (gold and silver coin) nearly disappear in the middle of the 1780s. Merchants and farmers in the smaller, agricultural communities were forced to resort to barter—or, worse yet, to credit—to avoid economic disaster. The New England farmers had traditionally traded their goods and services (chiefly crops and labor) for other goods and services, but now the storekeepers asked them to buy a few manufactured products in return for promissory notes. When the farmers were unable to make payments on their notes, the storekeepers—themselves pressed by creditors in Boston and other seaboard towns—grew alarmed and sent their lawyers to collect them.

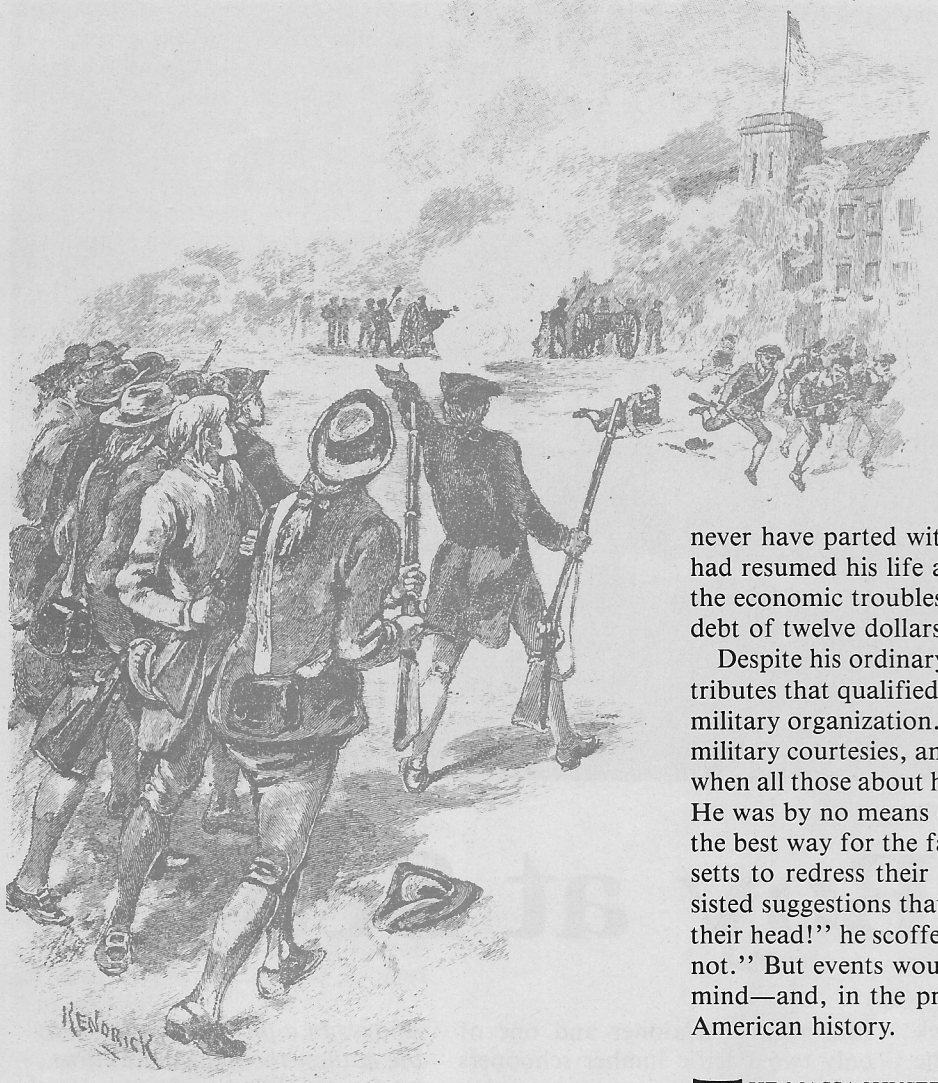
The lawyers were greeted in rural Massachusetts with a mixture of fear and contempt. No matter that members of the legal profession had been at the forefront of the struggle for independence from Great Britain, or that the great men that history would remember as the "Founding Fathers"—Adams, Jefferson, Otis, Hamilton, Jay, Henry—had mostly been lawyers. Now attorneys were coming into the countryside to collect debts that the farmers simply could not pay. The lawyers brought suit on the debts in the courts and, when they recovered judgments, levied on the farmers' property (usually land that had been in the same families for generations) to exact payment. Some farmers dismissed the lawyers as "an altogether useless order" of beings; others condemned them as "the pests of society" and vowed "to crush or at least put a proper check or restraint" on their activities.

The merchants who the lawyers represented were regarded with nearly as much contempt as the lawyers themselves. Farmers saw them as predators who had lured them into credit transactions and then jumped at the opportunity to seize their land when they could not make good on their promises. In January 1782, an itinerant preacher in rural Massachusetts exhorted the yeomen farmers of the state to rise up against its most prominent merchants. He suggested that they "should be made a sacrifice of and should be given to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." As for the merchants' lawyers, the same preacher urged farmers to attack the Hampshire County debtors' court, where the merchants brought their suits. "Come on, my brave boys," the preacher said, "we'll go to the woodpile and get clubs enough and knock their grey wigs off and send them out of the world in an instant."

IF THE POOR FARMERS of the 1780s expected the government of the Commonwealth to help them in their plight, they were doomed to disappointment. Officials of the Massachusetts government, from governor James Bowdoin down to the General Court (the state legislature), were members of the same legal and mercantile classes that the farmers blamed for their troubles. They insisted on strict compliance with legal procedures and firmly resisted the poor farmers' two most insistent demands: that the debtors' courts be closed and that paper currency be issued to buoy New England's stagnant economy. The lawyers and the merchants regarded the law and the courts as the bulwark of the "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" that Jefferson had exalted in the Declaration of Independence; and, with almost equal vehemence, they condemned paper currency as "iniquitous in itself." Because paper currency fostered inflation (the paper dollars issued by the Continental Congress during the Revolution quickly became almost worthless), they believed that it favored dishonest members of society at the expense of honest and industrious creditors. When Rhode Island, alone among the New England states, complied with debtors' demands for paper currency, other New Englanders condemned the move as a "palpable fraud" and branded the state "Rogue Island."

Unable to obtain relief from their government, the debtors began to demonstrate their frustration. Riots erupted as early as February 1782 in the Berkshires in western Massachusetts. A mob tried to close the county court at Northampton in April 1782, and, a year later, another mob threatened the opening of the county court in Springfield. Protests were dampened in 1784 by news that the peace treaty officially ending the Revolution had been signed with Great Britain and in 1785 by a marked improvement in the Massachusetts harvest. But when the economy slumped again in 1786, tremors of renewed unrest swept through the countryside.

Those farmers who were veterans of the Revolution were complaining now that the government of the United States had failed to pay overdue wages and reneged on its promise to keep current the pensions due to veteran officers. These veterans of the "glory days" of 1775 and 1776 recalled that, when government failed to respond to the just demands of its citizens, guns and swords "had a way" of bringing about change. As discontent mounted, several former Continental officers



The Massachusetts rebellion reaches its climax at the Springfield Arsenal in January 1787: cannon from a militia force commanded by General William Shepherd repel a fifteen-hundred man force of "Regulators" headed by Daniel Shays, killing four and wounding twenty others.

offered to provide leadership to the growing ranks of the discontented. In Springfield, Luke Day, a former brevet major in the Continental Army, began to counsel the farmers. Farther east, Job Shattuck of Groton, a former Continental captain and a veteran of the French and Indian Wars, stepped forward to offer leadership. At Pelham, a few miles east of the Connecticut River, the mantle of rebel leadership fell—somewhat uncertainly—on Daniel Shays.

Shays was not yet forty years old when the Massachusetts insurgents pushed him—nearly against his will—into the leadership of the rebellion. He had been an ensign in Woodbridge's regiment of the Continental Army at Bunker Hill and later saw duty at Saratoga and Stony Point. Before his Revolutionary War service was over, he earned a commission as captain and received a ceremonial sword from the Marquis de Lafayette, who admired his bravery. Those who saw Shays fight said he was a "tolerable good soldier," though they could not understand why, even before the war was over, he had decided to sell the sword Lafayette gave him. The sword, after all, was much more than a weapon—it was a trophy; and a man who appreciated its worth would never have parted with it. Returning to Pelham, Shays had resumed his life as a farmer. In 1784, caught up in the economic troubles of the decade, he was sued for a debt of twelve dollars.

Despite his ordinary background, Shays had some attributes that qualified him for the leadership of a quasi-military organization. He was always careful to observe military courtesies, and he had a way of remaining calm when all those about him seemed agitated and confused. He was by no means convinced that resort to arms was the best way for the farmers and veterans of Massachusetts to redress their grievances, and he repeatedly resisted suggestions that he assume their command. "I at their head!" he scoffed as late as the fall of 1786. "I am not." But events would soon force Shays to change his mind—and, in the process, to help alter the course of American history.

THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL COURT decided to increase taxes throughout the Commonwealth in 1786. The decision would have been onerous enough for the state's debt-ridden farmers had the Court not also imposed the bulk of the taxes on land. The total tax burden of Massachusetts at the end of 1786 approximated fully one-third of the incomes of all of the inhabitants, and the burden of paying most of it fell on the state's small landowners. And, to the consternation of those who had earlier pleaded for paper currency, the taxes were payable only in specie.

During the summer of 1786, protesters organized conventions in Worcester, Hampshire, Berkshire (all in the western part of the state), and Middlesex (only a few miles from Boston) to issue demands for reforms. Court and lawyers' fees would have to be reduced, the conventioneers announced; the salaries of public officials would have to be lowered; some form of paper currency would have to be issued; and the state capital (then at Boston, surrounded by lawyers and merchants) would have to be moved to some town in the central or western part of the state. A few of the protestors called for even more drastic reforms: abolition of the Massachusetts

Continued on page 46

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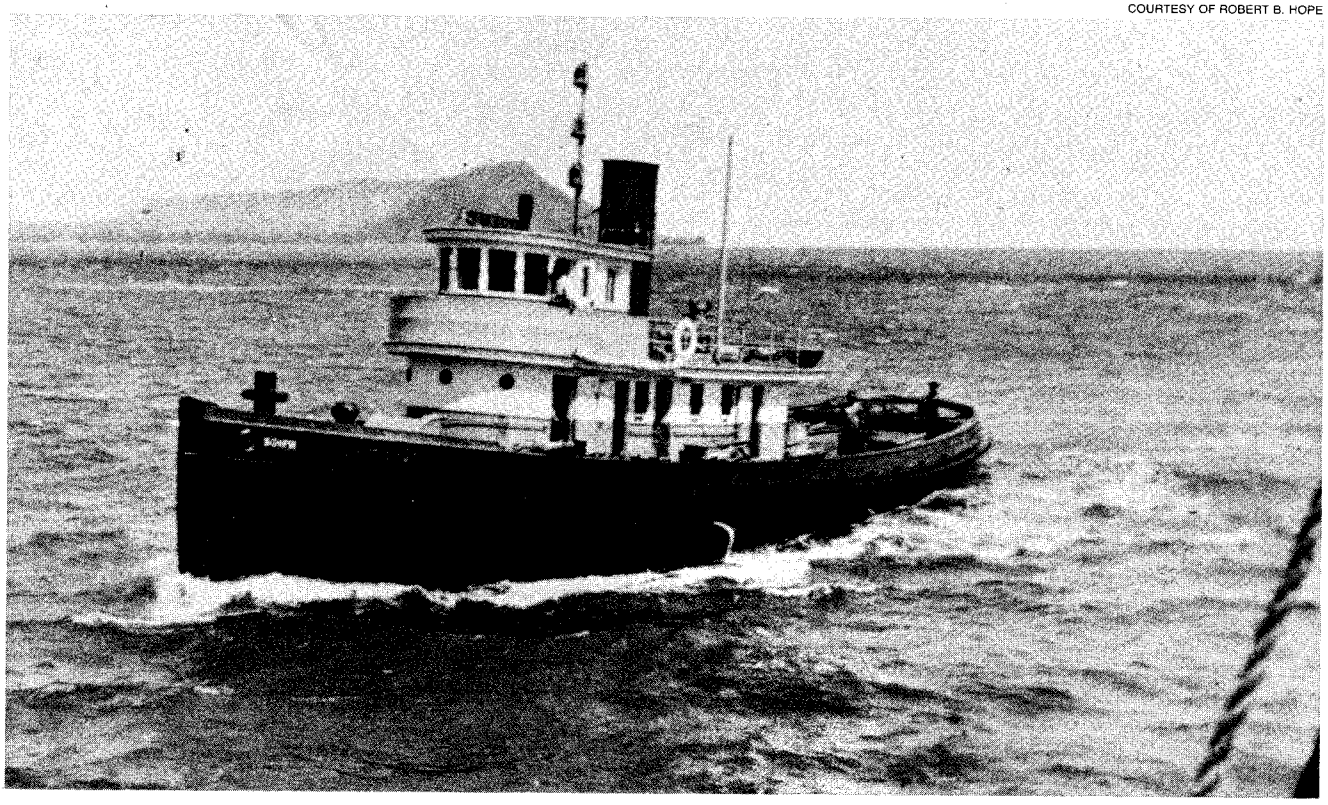


A Boy at Sea

THE SKIPPER on the poop deck took a quick glance at the wind filling the spanker, the for'sl, and the jibs. He raised his megaphone and called, "For'ard, bosun cast off the tow, mate, hoist the main, mizzen, and set the topsls. Helmsman, hold her steady as she goes, east by north."

At last we were sailing. I could hardly believe it was happening—my long-wished-for trip on a sailing vessel headed for Puget Sound. The tug made a wide sweep as she dropped us off Diamond Head and then turned back toward Honolulu, saying goodbye with three loud whistle blasts. In response our flag dipped three times. The sails filled under a brisk breeze, and we soon jibed and headed through the Molokai channel.

It was June 1915, and I was twelve years old. The skipper was Captain William R. Burmeister, known to our family as Uncle Will. Our ship was the *Alice Cooke*, a four-masted schooner and one of only two Pacific lumber schooners still on the coastwise run, carrying lumber to Honolulu from Puget Sound lumber ports. She was owned by Lewers and Cooke. (The other still-active schooner was the *Vigilante*, a five-master owned by C.K. Aie and skippered by Captain Matt Peasley, who was a close friend of Uncle Will. When they were both young, earning their masters' certificates, they had sailed in and out of San Francisco with loads of grain, lumber, and guano, both coastwise and deepwater.)

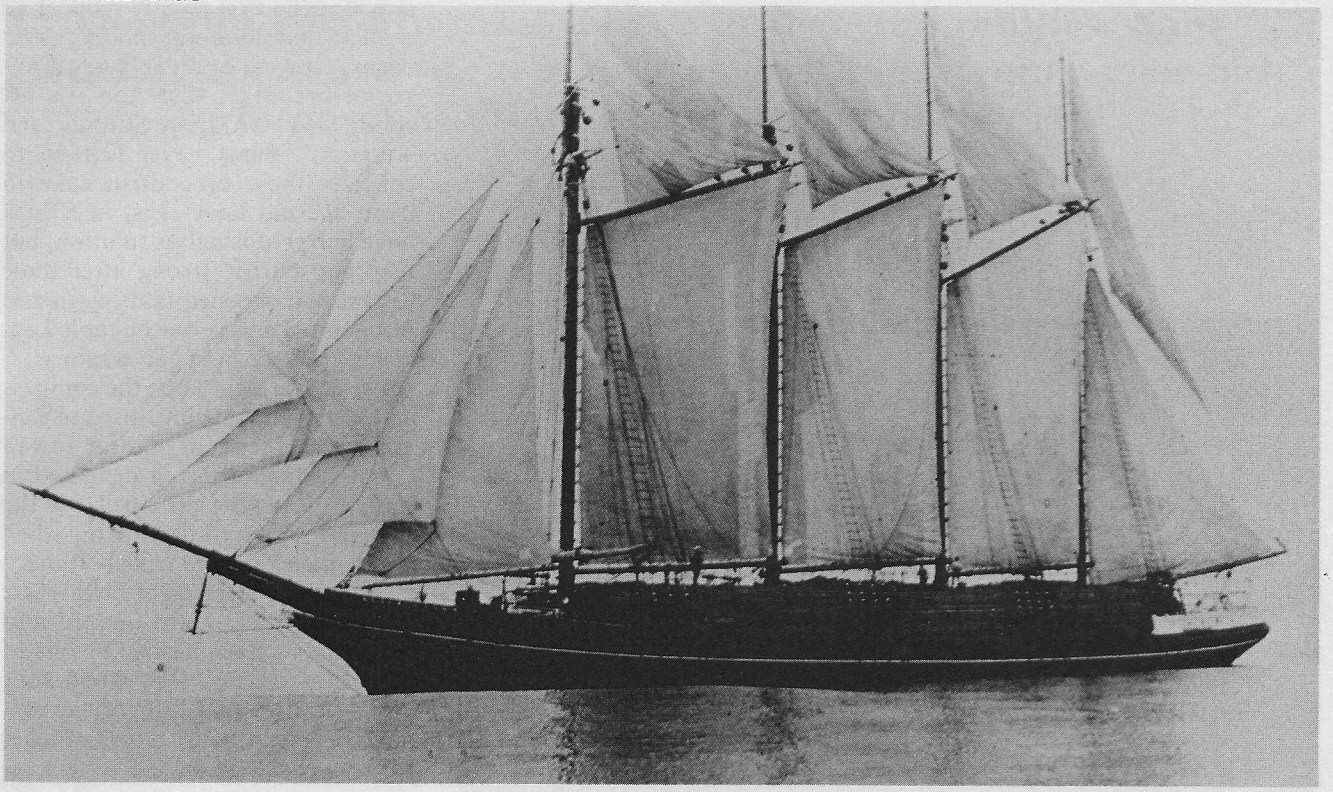
Earlier that year my parents and Uncle Will had decided that an ideal way for me to spend my summer vacation would be with Uncle Will aboard the *Alice Cooke*. That was fine with me.

The trip was of course predicated on the *Alice Cooke* being in port in Honolulu, unloaded, and ready to leave when vacation started. But fate seemed against me, as the ship had made a record run from Puget Sound to Hawaii and was ready to start her return passage two weeks before school was out. I was devastated. However, my parents and Uncle Will prevailed upon my grammar school principal to let me leave early. She made a wise provision—that I keep a diary listing the details of life at sea so that I could tell all about it at a school assembly the following year. That diary forms the basis for this short account. Since I was lucky enough to make seven round trips over the next several summers, I eventually filled many pages in the journal.

Before we started out Uncle Will laid down some firm rules. I could have the run of the ship, but never, neither in port nor at sea, was I to

Above: In a photograph taken by the author, the tug Mikioi *turns back toward Oahu after towing the lumber ship* Alice Cooke *to sea.*

COURTESY OF ROBERT B. HOPE



In 1915, as a twelve-year-old youth, the author sailed in one of the last of the Pacific Coast lumber schooners.

by Robert B. Hope

climb aloft in the rigging or down the long ladders into the empty holds. I was never to bother the sailors on watch. Although he was quiet and mild-mannered on shore, Uncle Will ran a tight ship, and his orders were to be obeyed by all, especially me. If I got out of line, the first trip would be my last. I was listed on the ship's articles as supercargo.

I was excited as the ship was towed out to sea and the sails were set. I had been at sea many times before in steamers but this was different, with so much going on about for me to see.

Sailing vessels at that time had steam-operated donkey engines for hoisting the sails and anchor and to run the cargo winches. Of course, if the engine failed the sails and anchor would have to be raised by the crew, pushing the bars of a capstan. Some of the smaller sails were pulled up by hand, often to the tune of a chantey.

The *Alice Cooke* was a traditional fore-and-aft rig schooner, but she also had a large square sail rigged to the foremast that gave additional sail yardage and speed when running with a fair wind. She was 186 feet long, registered 782 gross tons, and was manned by a crew of eleven. Our ship carried just under one million board feet of lumber in the holds and on deck, with the lumber stacked up to the poop deck.

During this first leg of the voyage we sailed in ballast, without cargo, which made for additional motion. By the time we were out of the Molokai channel I was seasick, and I continued to be for the first two days. Uncle Will recalled that someone had said beer was good for settling the stomach—but in my case it did not, and it was awful coming back up. I finally got my sea legs the third day out and have never been seasick since, neither in rough weather nor when becalmed (which is worse). Nothing rolls like a large sailing ship in a calm with all sails set, as she rises and falls with the ground swell and as the booms crash from side to side.

Life aboard a lumber schooner offered many interesting new experiences. Our lights were kerosene lamps, mounted in swiveled arrangements called gimbals, which kept them level. Fresh meat was on our menu when we first left port, but after the ice melted three days out we switched to salt pork, beef, and fish—a big change for a young-

Above: A view of the Alice Cooke *becalmed during her return passage from Puget Sound to Hawaii. The cargo of lumber has been stacked nearly up to the sail booms. The ship's gig was put into the water so that the author could take the picture.*

Recommended additional reading: Maritime Memories of Puget Sound *by Jim Gibbs (Superior, 1976).*

ster. For the first twenty days or so we also had potatoes, onions, dried beans, carrots, and cabbage. A favorite breakfast dish for the aft cabin was "Codfish Sounds and Tongues," but I never learned to consider these or codfish cakes a treat. We did have eggs, kept in a huge barrel of isinglass solution, but they got a trifle strong after three weeks. A dampened table cloth and wooden partitions on the table kept dishes in place in rough weather.

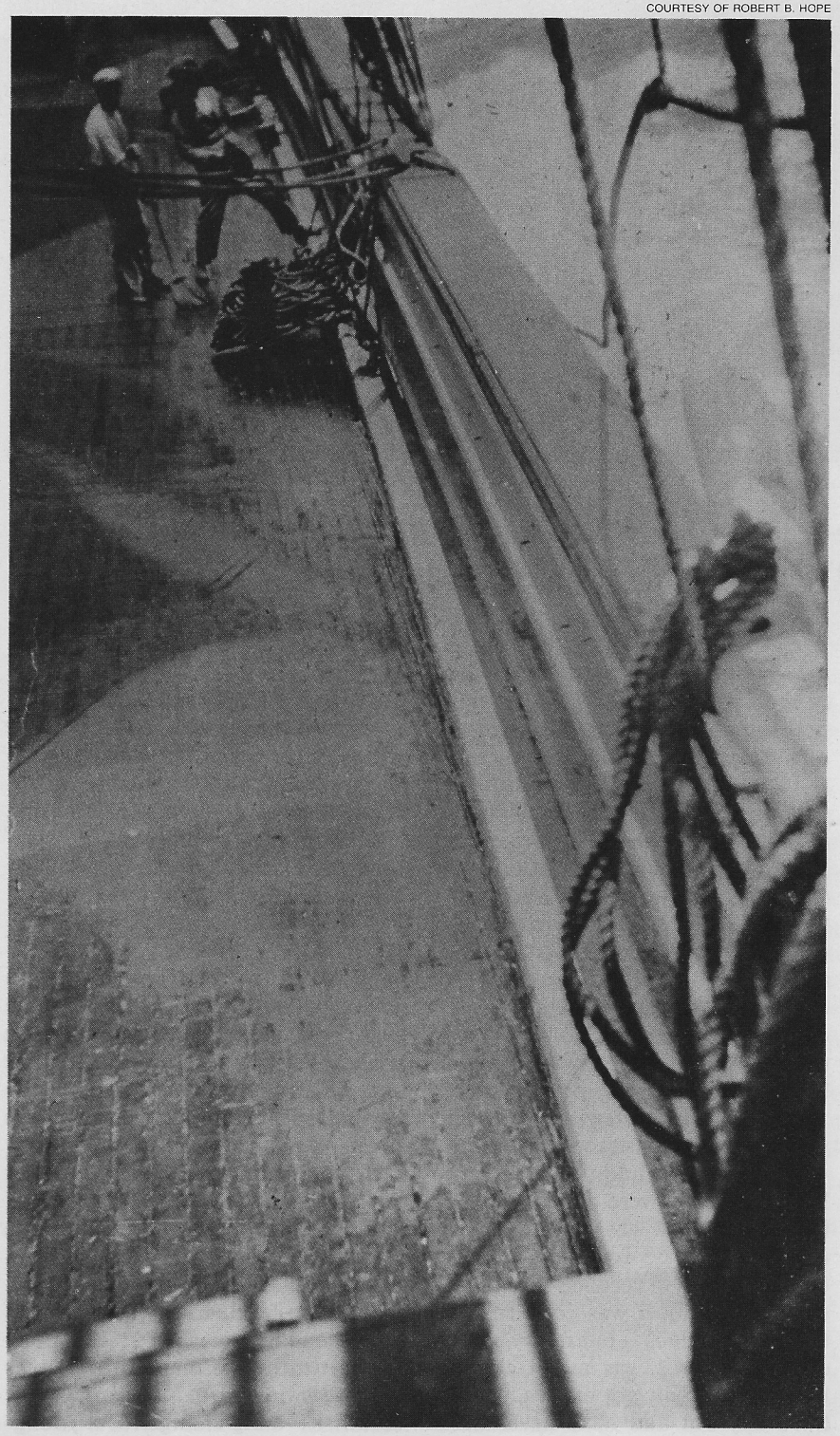
I soon learned to box the compass and to read the log line (used to estimate our speed in knots) towed from the taffrail aft. I delighted in standing by the ship's bell for the noonday sighting of the sun, when the captain or mate called "time," so I could ring the eight bells.

The ship's crew was divided into two watches, each headed by one of the mates. Each watch stood four hours on duty and four off, except during the two-hour "dog" watches from 4 to 6 P.M. and 6 to 8 P.M., which served to alternate the watches.

Some of the old salts taught me how to fashion very fancy and intricate knots, which proved useful later in knot-tying exhibitions at Boy Scout jamborees. One of my favorite pastimes was listening to the deepwater oldtimers spinning yarns about shipwrecks, rounding Cape Horn, and experiences in distant and exotic ports. I realize now that some of their stories were slightly exaggerated, but then I believed them all.

Upon arriving off the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca (between Washington State and Vancouver Island), the captain was always hopeful of being picked up by a tug and towed the rest of the way into Puget Sound, but this rarely happened. On my first trip we had to sail all the way into Admiralty Inlet, near Port Townsend, Washington, tacking back and forth through a pea-soup fog. This was an eerie experience for me. Two sailors were on watch forward as lookouts, with one sounding the foghorn at regular intervals,

COURTESY OF ROBERT B. HOPE



Spray soaks the main deck of the Alice Cooke *at the beginning of a storm.*

while one of the mates estimated our distance from shore by timing the return of the horn's echo. This was further checked by heaving the lead at regular intervals to get the depth of water. The lead had a hollowed-out cup filled with tallow, to which the material on the bottom would stick. The charts were marked with the depth in fathoms, and whether the bottom was gravel, sand, or some other material.

I learned that another one of the senses—smell—was often used in making a landfall in fog. I was told about this at the noon meal as we were tacking south. Marsh bogs and kelp beds near shore, especially at low tide, gave off distinctive localizing odors. When sailing along the California coast, an offshore breeze sometimes carried the pungent odor of celery, telling the sailors they were near the coastal celery fields south of San Francisco. Off Southern California the sweet odor of orange blossoms often wafted across the sea. One of the most definite localizing smells, the acrid odor of guano off Chile, pinpointed Callao.

Our destination on that first trip was Port Gamble, Washington, a typical Puget Sound mill town located about twenty-five miles northwest of Seattle. The company's general store carried ship chandlery supplies as well as nearly everything that the mill employees and their families needed, from food to clothing. During a visit to Port Gamble fifty years later, I found it virtually unchanged. The mill store was exactly as I first remembered it, except that now it had a large frozen-food section.

The *Alice Cooke* docked with her stern to the wharf, so that the cargo of lumber could be hauled up by the donkey engine on wide slides. These also functioned as gangways for the crew. This presented a wonderful opportunity, I thought, so after the workday ended I slicked one with soap and had a terrific time sliding down on a piece of old carpet. It

COURTESY OF ROBERT B. HOPE

Midway in his first voyage, the author earns his keep by catching dinner for officers and crew of the Alice Cooke *at Port Gamble, Washington.*

was great fun until the first mate started ashore, slipped, and slid all the way down to the wharf on the seat of his best pants. My great idea ended with a stern reprimand, and I never tried that again.

Uncle Will always took me to Seattle with him when he made the rounds of the ship chandlers. Such trips were made not only to purchase stores, but also served as social events for the ships' captains. Over mugs of coffee they would exchange stories about their experiences and voyages. After a number of trips I realized that they all told the same yarns over and over, often to the same listeners. However, everyone listened attentively as if it was always the first telling.

My last vacations at sea were aboard Uncle Will's new vessel, the *Commodore*. Although a four-masted schooner like the *Alice Cooke*, at 1,526 gross tons and 233 feet she was larger and able to carry a bigger cargo. Her accommodations aft were roomier, but functional and not ornate.

The average sailing time from Diamond Head to Puget Sound was three to four weeks. I remember one trip when we made it to Cape Flattery in just two weeks, only to be becalmed there for ten days before finally getting a tow up the Strait.

THERE WAS one trip in the *Alice Cooke* that I will never forget. For the first week out of Hawaii we had fair weather and made good mileage. Then we were becalmed completely for four days, rolling on an oily sea under a broiling sun. On the evening of the fifth day we picked up a slight breeze that quickly freshened. It became evident that we were in for a bit of weather. The old salts were predicting that a real storm was brewing.

By the morning of the sixth day, we began to have thunder and lightning and tropical squalls heavy with rain. The intensity picked up so that by midday the *Alice Cooke* was scudding along on an angry sea, taking waves over her bowsprit. The ship tossed and pitched, her timbers groaning and squealing. I was ordered below to stay out of the way.

As the weather continued to worsen, the order went out to take in some sails and reef in others. The three fore jibs were down and were being furled by a new crewmember, a Polynesian called Samoa Sam, when a huge wave crashed over the bowsprit, washing him overboard. The dread cry, "Man Overboard! Samoa Sam overboard!" rang out and was echoed aft.

By luck, Jack, our big Japanese cook, had his head out of the galley door, which was on the port side—and on the rail right across from the galley door hung a white life buoy. With one powerful pull, Jack tore the ring from its mooring and with a mighty heave tossed it at Sam's bobbing sou'wester, which was rapidly drifting astern.

At the same moment Mr. Krantz, the mate on watch, sprang into action. "Pass the word below—All hands on deck! Stand by to come about!" By this time Uncle Will, who had been below trying to work out the ship's position by dead reckoning, arrived on deck to take over. I came up from below, sticking my head out of the aft companionway and being very careful to stay out of the way.

"One man aloft to try to spot Sam!" All hands were now on deck, including the cook, cabin boy, and carpenter, helping out where needed. "Hard over on the wheel! All hands stand by to come about!" It was a struggle for the two men steering to put the wheel hard over, but they did. The big booms came over with a thunderous crash. Timbers creaked and groaned. It seemed as if the masts would be pulled out or snapped off, but by some miracle the *Alice Cooke* safely reached the starboard tack.

Despite the heavy seas, spray, and intermittent rain, the gig was successfully launched, and Sam was kept in sight and rescued, which really was a miracle. Fortunately, he could swim like a fish and had been able to shed his heavy storm gear and swim to the life ring.

The storm developed into a full-fledged gale. We ran before the wind with only a stay'sl up, taking seas over the stern. This went on for five days, and we ended up far to the north and west of our intended track. By the time we beat back down, our sailing time to Cape Flattery was forty-four days. I thought that it was the worst storm a ship could live through, but all of the deepwater sailors told me it was nothing compared to storms they had encountered in rounding the Horn.

Another dread cry aboard an old-time sailing ship was "fire!" A fire was a potential disaster aboard a wooden vessel, and especially so in our case with a load of lumber, only hand pumps to pump seawater on the fire, and only one ship's gig that was too small to carry all of the ship's crew. There were no life rafts.

A fire started during my last trip on the *Commodore* in 1922. One afternoon just as the first dogwatch was set, our cook Jack noticed tendrils of smoke issuing from the sail locker forward. He came bounding aft shouting, "Fire! Fire in the sail locker!"

The helmsman quickly rang the ship's bell, our one alarm system. The second mate, who had just taken over the watch, called, "All hands on deck, pass the word! All hands on deck! Man the pump!"

In short order the firehose was playing seawater into the sail locker, the fire was put out, and the scare was over. The crew was kept busy for the next few days drying and repairing the sails. The culprit, a young apprentice seaman, had smoked when he was sent to stow a jib in the locker, where smoking is strictly forbidden.

Uncle Will was lenient under the circumstances. The sailor was given a severe reprimand, fined one month's salary, and given a second chance. Fifty years earlier such an incident would probably have been punished by a flogging.

These are just a few of the memories of a teenager who sailed in the old way with deepwater sailors, accumulating experiences that have left me with a deep love of the sea and all connected with it. ★

Robert Hope's family lived in Scotland, England, Australia, and Canada before settling in the Hawaiian Islands in 1914. As a physician in the Australian armed forces during World War II, Dr. Hope served in New Guinea and Australia. Now retired from practice, he is a free lance writer in California.

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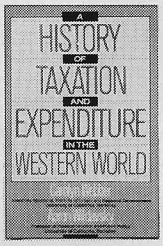

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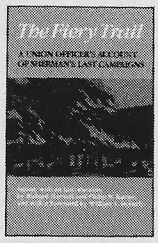

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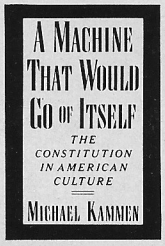

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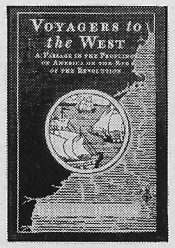

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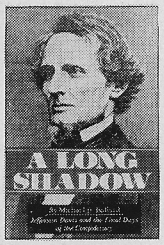

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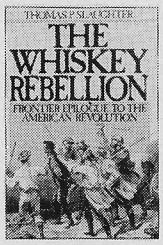

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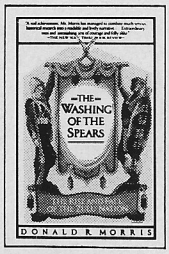

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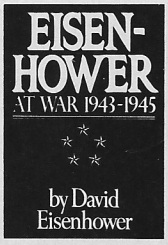

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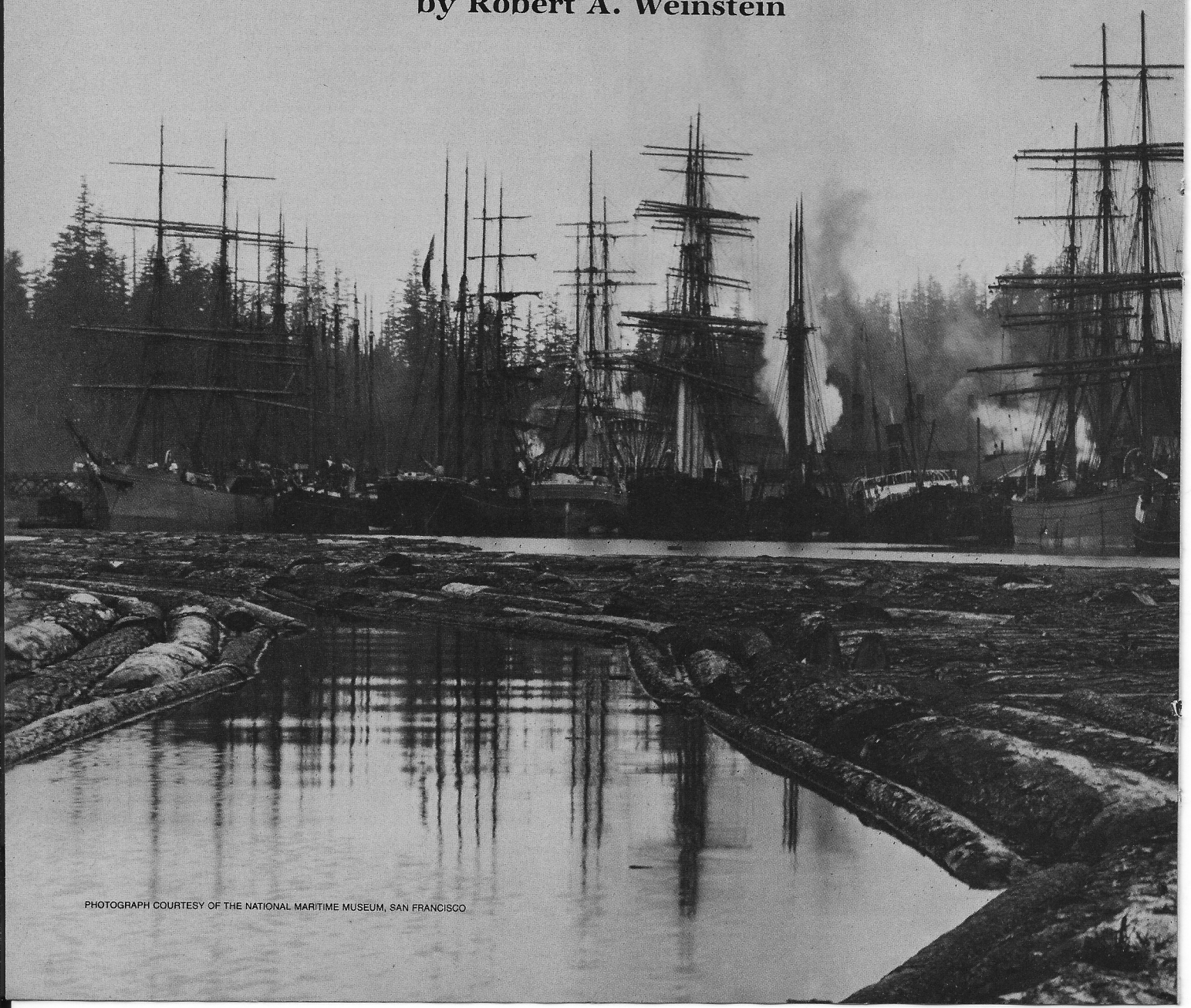
The ships and many of the ports are gone now, but the last days of glory under sail live on in the views of this turn-of-the-century maritime photographer.

Puget Sound

The Maritime World of Wilhelm Hester

by Robert A. Weinstein



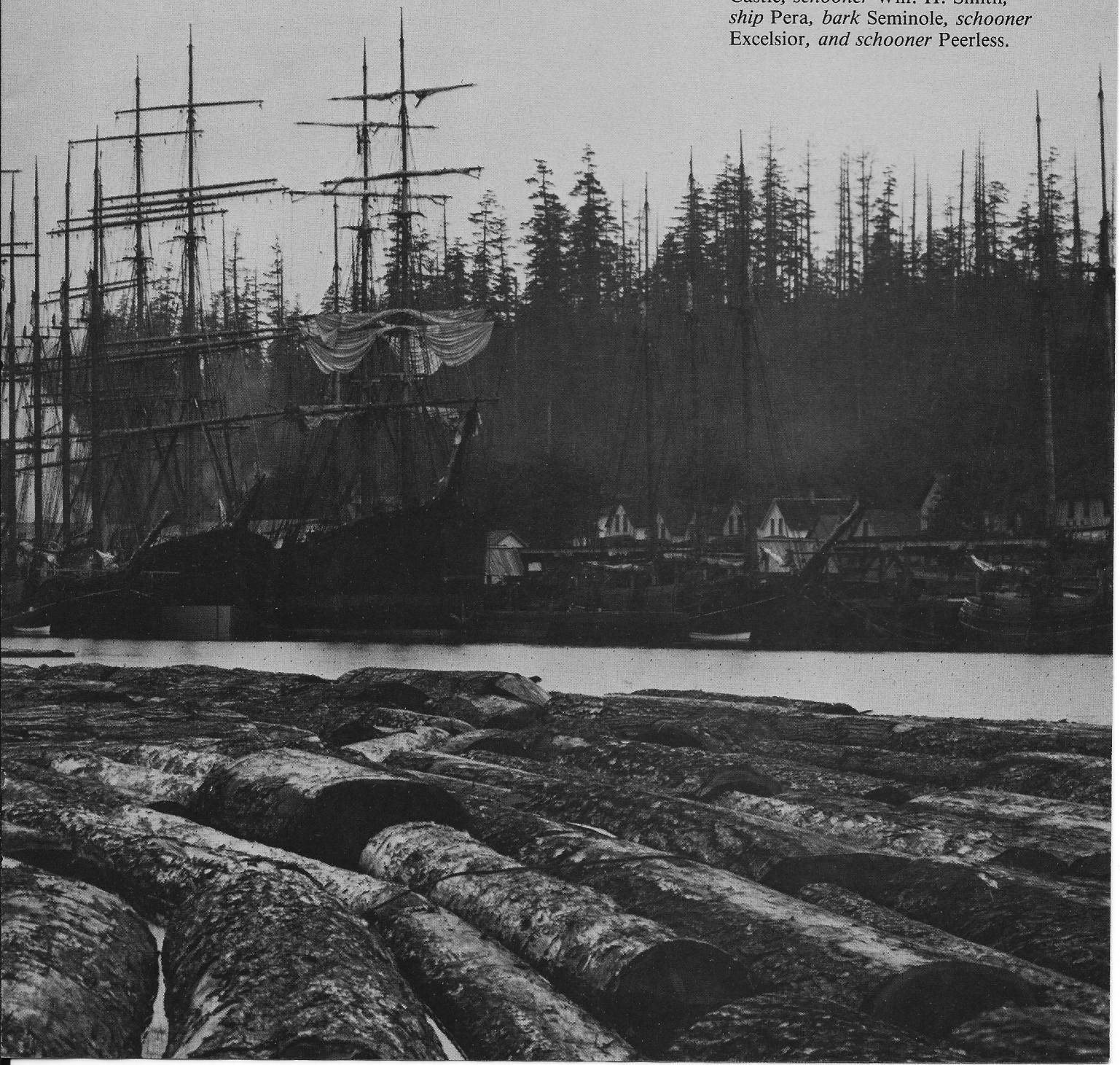
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO

AT THE CLOSE of the nineteenth century, a magnificent fleet of sailing ships called on the ports of the Pacific Northwest, loading cargoes for destinations around the world. Ships, barks, brigantines, schooners, and other sailing vessels crowded the wharves of a dozen ports on Puget Sound for consignments of grain from eastern Washington and lumber from the coastal region's seemingly inexhaustible forests of Douglas fir. These were the last great days of sail.

Quietly plying his trade along the bustling piers and wharves—where seamen of many races and languages mingled with sawmill employees, longshoremen, crimps, and beachcombers of every persuasion—was photographer Wilhelm Hester, a German immigrant who had arrived in Seattle in 1893 at the age of twenty-one. Hester made his living by photographing sailing ships and their crews, finding a ready market for his views among the visiting seamen and officers.

It was not an easy life. Day after day, armed with published lists of

Surrounded by tall forests and rafts of already felled trees, ships load Puget Sound's "green gold" at Port Blakely, Washington, at the turn of the century. Vessels in this panorama include (left to right) the bark Queen Elizabeth, *schooner* Louis, *barkentine* Jane L. Stanford, *bark* Highland, *ship* Lancing, *schooner* Prosper, *steamer* Horda, *ship* Brodick Castle, *schooner* Wm. H. Smith, *ship* Pera, *bark* Seminole, *schooner* Excelsior, *and schooner* Peerless.



newly arrived vessels, Hester traveled around Puget Sound. His equipment was cumbersome—an eight-by-ten-inch view camera fastened to a heavy wooden tripod, a case full of glass-plate negatives, a box of lenses, flash powder, and a primitive flash gun—and he was often obliged to take his pictures in cold, wet weather. Nonetheless, Hester produced an unparalleled record of the sailing ships and seamen of his day. His work is marked by an artistic eye, consummate technical skill, and a strong feeling for the informality of sea life.

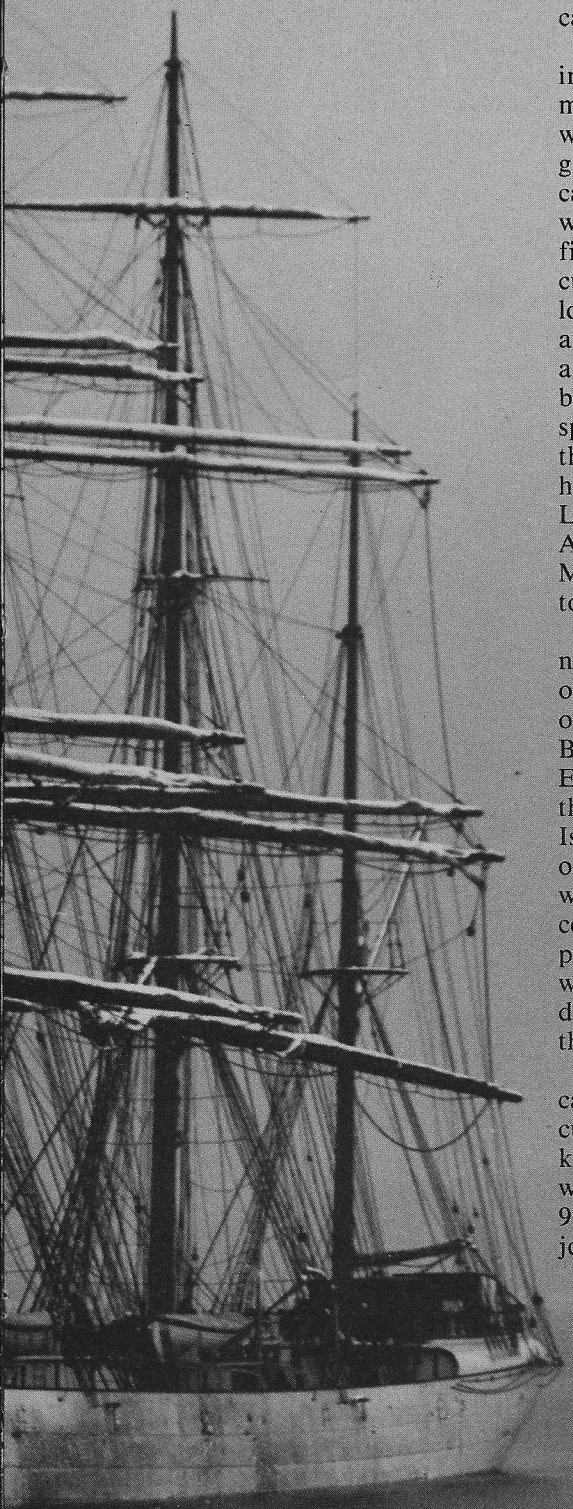
The photograph most often called for by Hester's customers was a standard broadside view of their ship, showing every spar and line secured in place. Also popular were portraits of the masters, mates, and crew. Hester regularly mailed large numbers of these single and group portraits to families and friends of the seafarers he photographed; such remembrances were particularly valued when men might be absent from their loved ones for months or even years. Perhaps the most interesting and valuable photographs made by Hester, from a historical perspective, were his richly detailed views of shipmasters' cabins, domains once treated as near-sacred and inaccessible to all but a favored few. Hester's photographs of these are unique in the world of maritime photography.

There were two centers of Hester's work world. One was the wharves and warehouses of Tacoma at Commencement Bay; the other was one of the great sawmills that bordered the reaches of Puget Sound.

Recommended additional reading: Tall Ships on Puget Sound: The Marine Photographs of Wilhelm Hester *by Robert A. Weinstein (University of Washington Press, 1978) (out of print).*

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO

Wearing a mantle of snow on her spars and furled sails, the British four-masted bark Samaritan *lies at anchor in Commencement Bay, near the wheat-shipping port of Tacoma, in the winter of 1904.*



Terminus for the Northern Pacific Railroad, Tacoma competed with Portland, a hundred miles to the south, for dominance in the export of Northwest wheat. By 1902 the port was shipping nearly two million tons of grain and other exports annually, and dozens of square-riggers called there regularly.

While the export of eastern Washington grain was profitable, the magnet that drew even more of the world's last sailing ships to the region was its lumber. Lumbering came naturally to Puget Sound. Nowhere else in the world did Douglas fir stand taller, thicker, or cheaper to cut. Skilled laborers willing to work long hours for low pay were readily available, as were investment capital and men with experience in the lumber business. There were more mill spits scattered around Puget Sound than one could visit in a week of hard touring—Port Gamble, Port Ludlow, Port Madison, Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Everett, Mukilteo, Bellingham, and Tacoma, to name just a few.

The particular sawmill that fascinated Hester most, perhaps because of its ready accessibility to his base of operations in Seattle, was Port Blakely, eight miles due west across Elliott Bay. Deep inside a cool, thickly forested cove on Bainbridge Island, the piers and loading chutes of the Port Blakely Mill Company were, for a number of years, the center of Puget Sound lumber exporting. There was moneymaking work at Port Blakely's docks seven days a week for any kind of vessel that could load and deliver a cargo.

For more than a decade Hester carried on his trade, constantly circulating between Tacoma, Port Blakely, and Seattle. (His photography was interrupted briefly during 1898-99, when Hester and his brother joined the Alaskan gold rush, reportedly making a small fortune.) By 1905 or 1906, when Hester gave up professional photography in favor of real estate holdings and other investments, he had accumulated at least four thousand negatives of Northwest maritime scenes.

Wilhelm Hester became a near-recluse during his later years, and he died in 1947 at the age of seventy-two. Following Hester's death, his Seattle house was purchased by Jerry and Nora Sands. While cleaning up their new home, the Sandses stumbled onto wooden boxes containing more than thirteen hundred of Hester's plates. Marveling at the treasure they had found, the Sandses became determined to find a responsible home for it. In 1960 the author learned of the collection and brought it to the attention of Mr. Emerson Spear of Los Angeles, who, recognizing its great value to maritime history, purchased it as a gift to the San Francisco Maritime Museum.

Today the Port Blakely that Wilhelm Hester knew is totally gone. No evidence is left of the mills, the wharves, the houses, the stores, or the bandsaws that could trim a log forty-eight inches square. All that remains is a bit of concrete and a few rotten stumps at low tide.

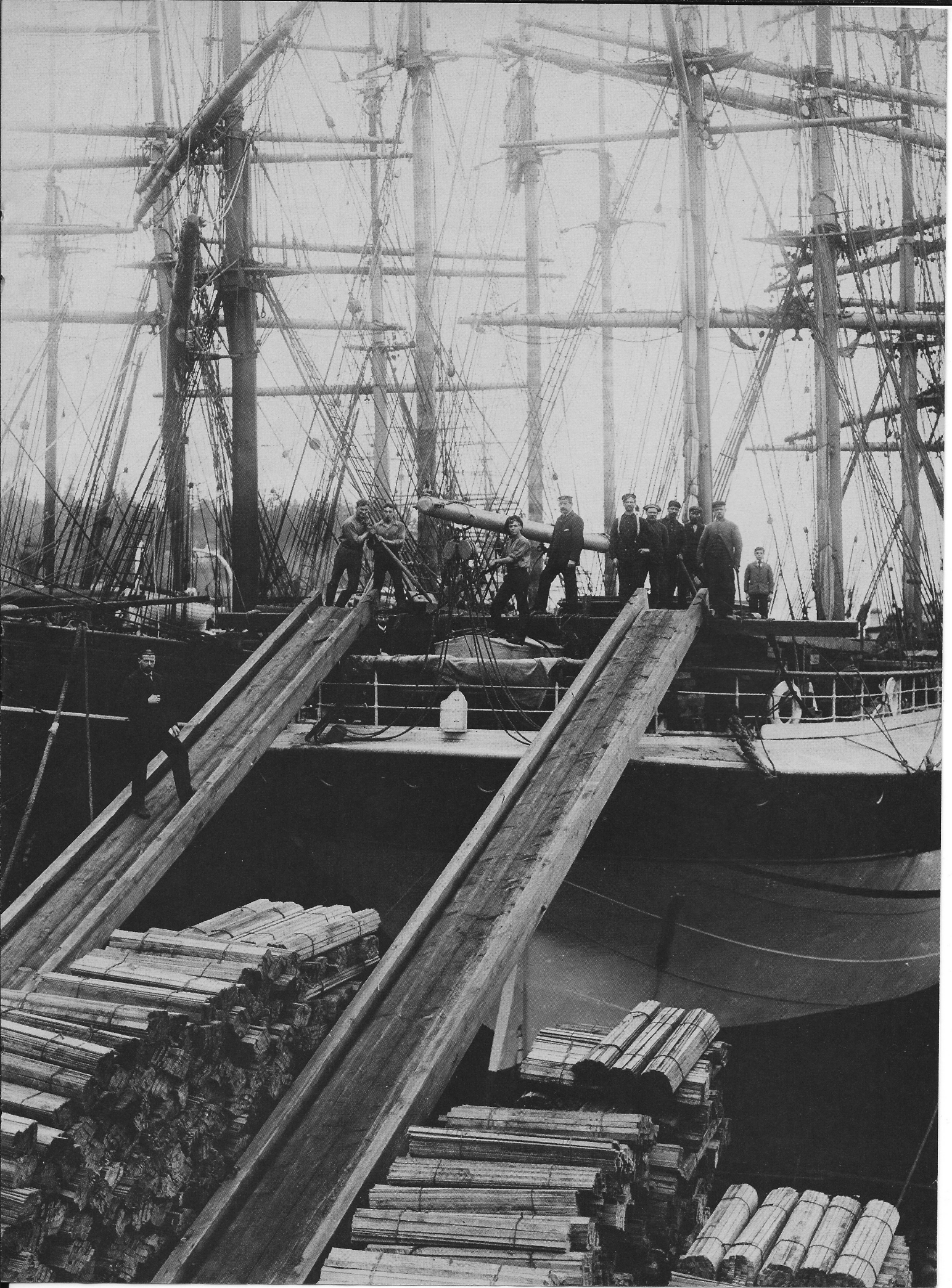
Nearly all of the ships of Hester's day are gone too, as are the sailors. A colorful, hard, and romantic way of life has passed into history, but fortunately it can still be glimpsed through the incomparable maritime photographs of Wilhelm Hester. ★

An authority on maritime history and the photographic history of the United States, Robert A. Weinstein was instrumental in saving and preserving Wilhelm Hester's legacy of glass-plate negatives, which are now part of the collection of the National Maritime Museum in San Francisco. Mr. Weinstein lives in Los Angeles.

Port Blakely

Magnet for many of the world's last sailing ships at the turn of the century, the sawmill at Port Blakely, Washington, employed 750 men and cut lumber around the clock, seven days per week. Black downeasters with skysail yards, powerful German and British four-masted barks, and Pacific Coast barkentines, schooners, and weary sea tramps competed for space along the wharves as they loaded the mill's output of up to a million board feet of lumber per day. Vessels moored stern-to at the wharf in the 1903 photograph below include (left to right) the three-masted ship Henry Failing, *four-masted schooner* Bainbridge, *three-masted barkentine* Newsboy, *four-masted bark* Eilbek, *three-masted ship* Avanti, *and three-masted ship* Ardnamurchan. *Crewmen of the British four-masted bark* Lynton *(opposite) watch longshoremen rig the massive, mirror-smooth chutes over which the lumber will be dragged aboard. Loading and stowing a ship's cargo generally consumed about ten days.*

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO



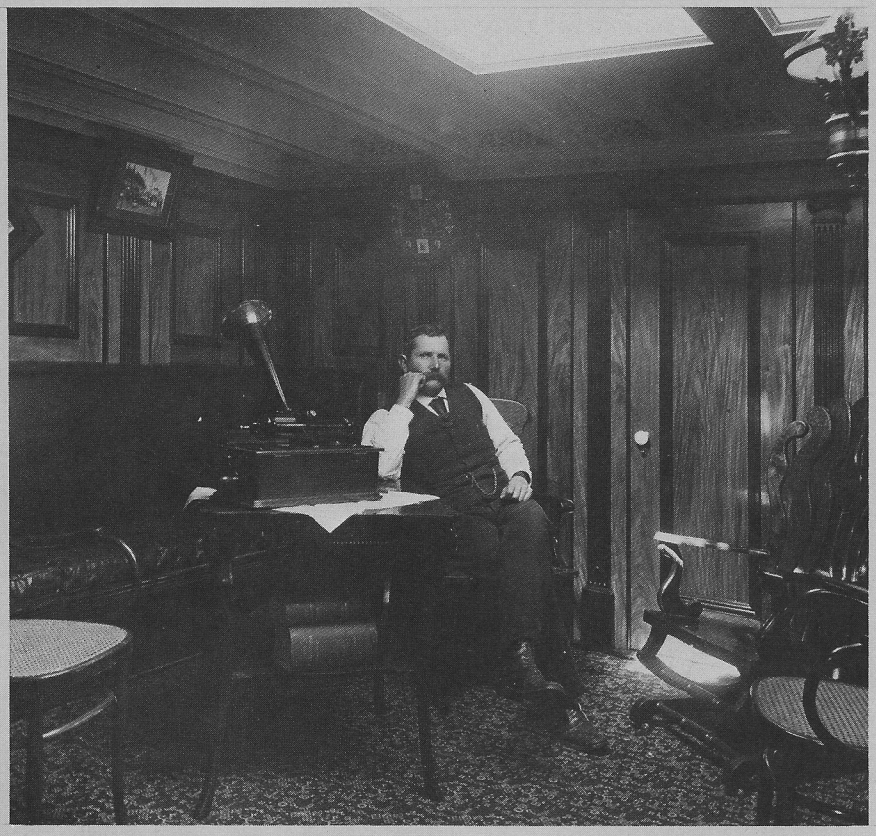
Men of the Sea

Group portraits of ships' crews were a staple item for Wilhelm Hester—although the photographer was not always sure that his subjects could pay for the prints they ordered. Seamen and junior officers of the British bark Lynton *(below) gather proudly around a model of their four-master; perhaps it will be traded ashore for a few rounds of liquor.*

For the sailmaker aboard the British four-masted bark Pegasus *(right), work was never finished, whether at sea or in port.*
Men of the bark Andelana, *newly arrived from China, unknowingly pose for their final portrait*

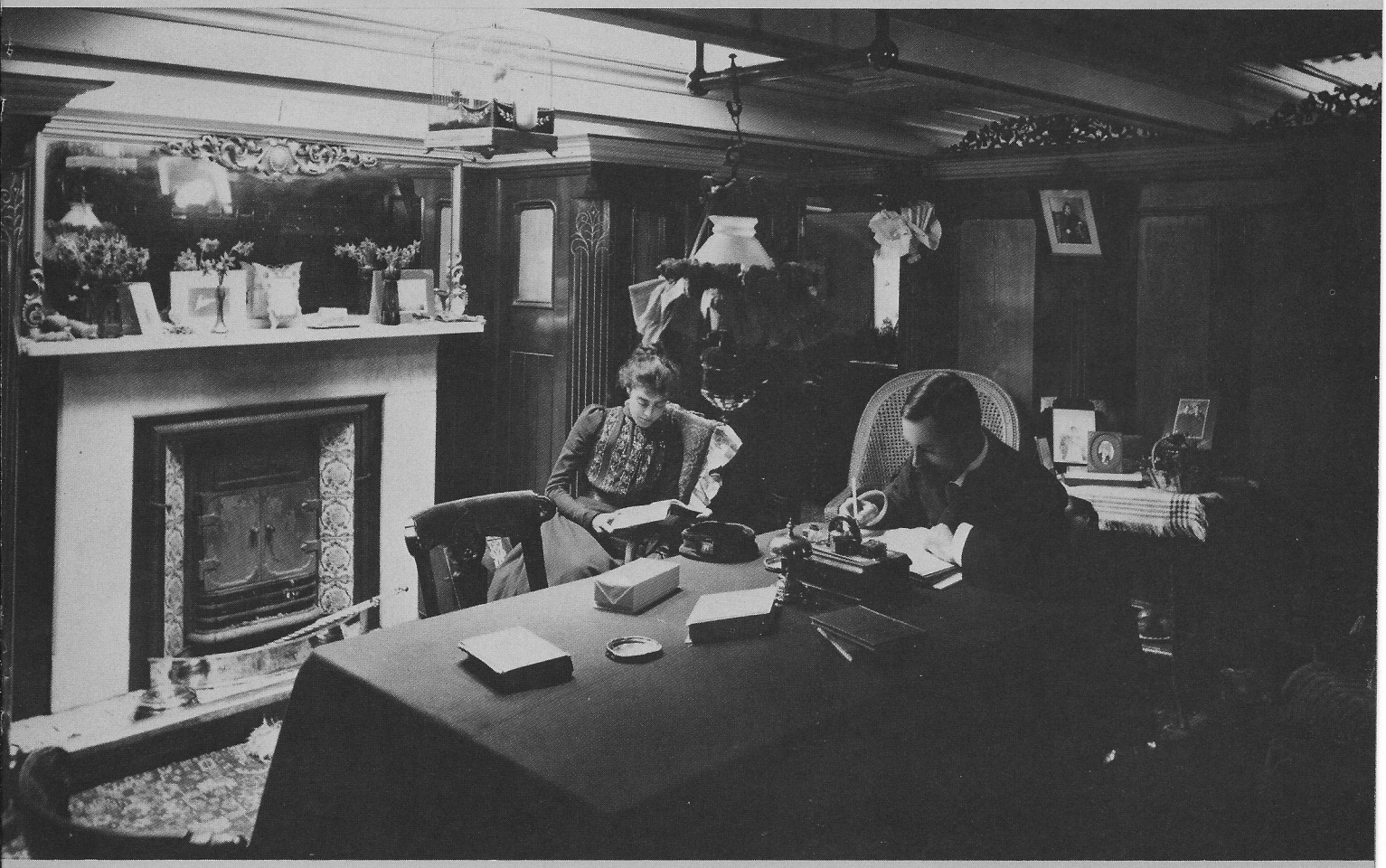
(bottom right). Only a few hours after Hester made this picture in January 1899, the unballasted British four-master capsized in gale winds and sank to the bottom of Commencement Bay, drowning most of her crew and officers.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO



Masters . . . and a Master's Mate

Garbed against a Port Blakely drizzle, Captain Alex Teschner (opposite) smokes contentedly by the wheel of the German four-masted bark Pera.
A gramophone stands ready to ease the solitude of Captain Anderson (left) aboard the newly launched five-masted schooner George E. Billings*; a copy of the* South Pacific Ocean Directory *awaits use under the table. Captain and Mrs. Edward Gates-James (below) maintained their cabin aboard the British four-masted bark* Lynton *in the same style of excellence as in their Victorian home ashore. Each day in port, promptly at four in the afternoon, Mrs. Gates-James served tea and cakes.*



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO

Crewmen of the three-masted ship Avanti *(moored just beyond the three-masted ship* Ardnamurchan, *foreground) take advantage of a rainless day at Port Blakely to dry some of their sails.*

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO


H. R. HALL
H. R. HALL
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From Shore to Sound

The same forests that fed Puget Sound's sawmills provided the raw materials for ships to carry their output. A quarter-mile east of the Port Blakely Mill, on the cove's north shore, the Hall brothers—Winslow G., Isaac, and Henry Knox—brought their heritage of New England shipbuilding skills to Puget Sound. Between 1881 and 1903 the Hall brothers built seventy-seven schooners, barkentines, and other wooden vessels at their Blakely yard.

The five-masted lumber schooner H.K. Hall *(opposite) looms over admirers just minutes before her launching in 1902. Framing for the schooner* Blakely *awaits completion to her right.*
On the main deck of the flag-bedecked H.K. Hall *(below), her white-bearded builder is joined by workmen and friends for a Hester portrait. Freshly caulked decking still awaits scraping; the masts will be stepped some time after the ship is launched.*

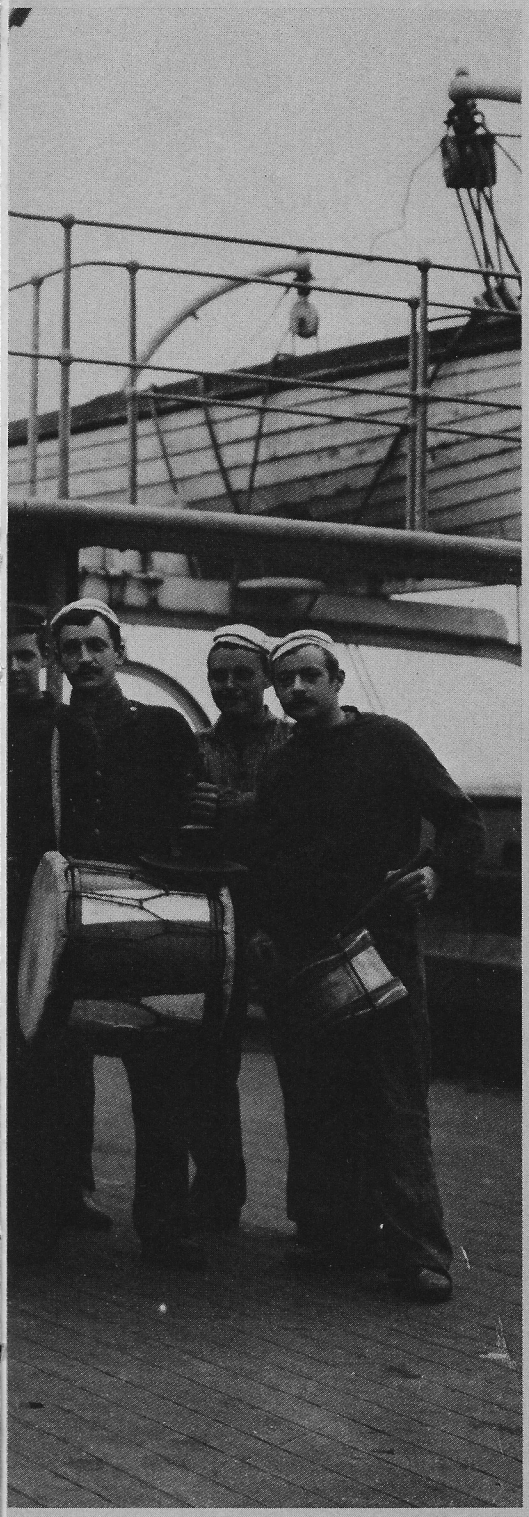
PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, SAN FRANCISCO

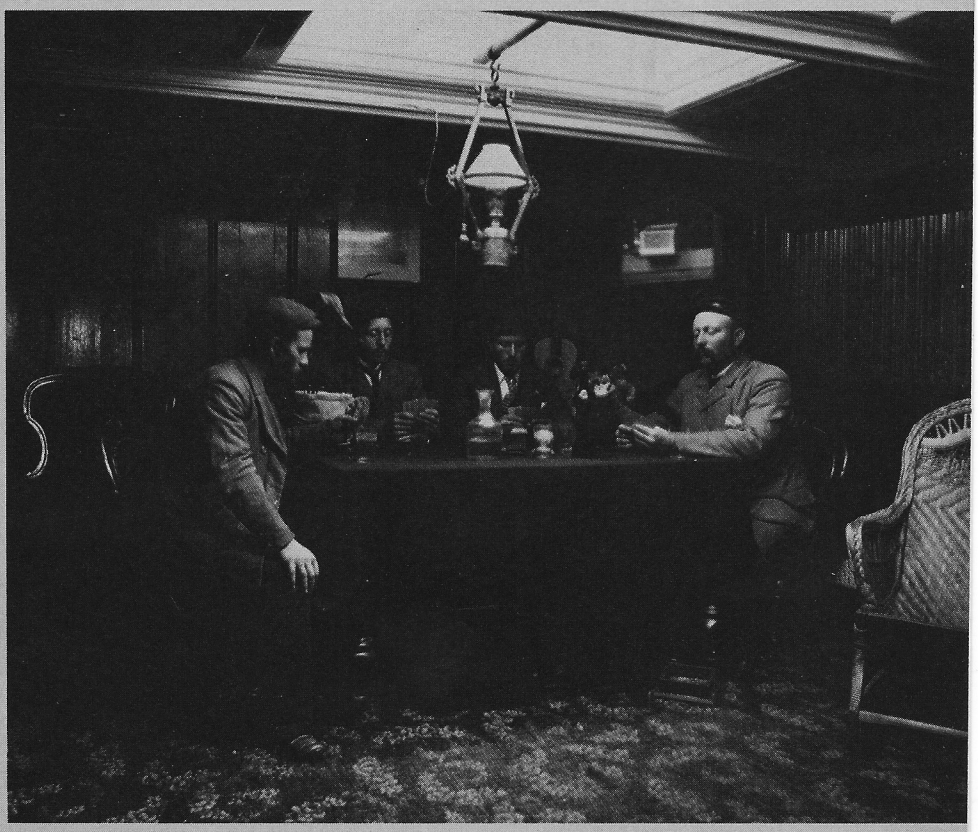
Off-Watch

When time in port allowed, both officers and seamen relaxed with whatever pleasures their rough environments made possible. While primitive bands were common among sailing ship crews, so professional-appearing a group as the one assembled on the main deck of the German ship Flottbek *(below) was unusual. As sailor-musicians prepare a concert for the photographer, the jolly steward keeps time with his square-faced bottle of Holland gin.*

A happy gathering of officers and ladies (right) may record a birthday, a newly born child, or nothing more than a long-delayed reunion of old friends. Good beer, fancy clothes, fair weather, and the willing photographer transform a quiet day aboard the French bark Lamorciere *into a memorable one.*

With time hanging heavy in port, the master of the three-masted bark Abyssinia *(bottom right) has organized a card game with his bachelor colleagues. A mandolin, caged canary, fresh flowers, and souvenir chair from Madeira add homey touches to the spartan surroundings.*





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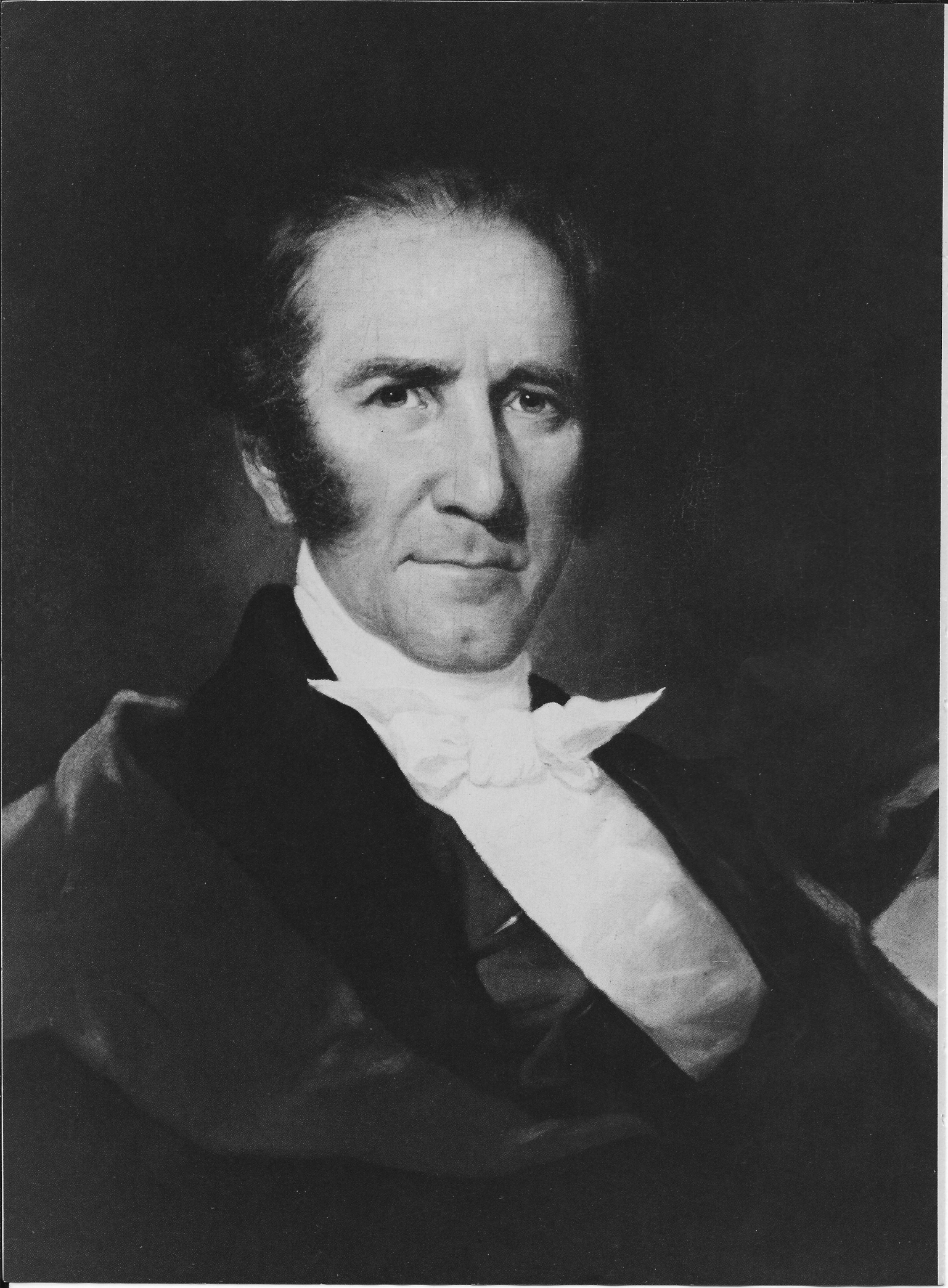

Though he had become a hero in war and politics, Sam Houston's personal life was a disaster. Then twenty-year-old Margaret Moffette Lea captured his heart.

The Conquest of Sam Houston

by Charles P. Waldrop

MAJOR GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, recently retired president of the Texas Republic, could sense the discontent of the throng filling his future brother-in-law's stately home. The giant Texan in resplendent wedding attire both fascinated and repelled the assembled guests. Long-time Marion residents could not recall anything like this Saturday's event, which was sure to be talked about for years.

The forty-seven-year-old bridegroom dominated the dark wood parlor as he waited to be united with twenty-one-year-old Margaret Moffette Lea, daughter of the staid south Alabama community. His towering frame loomed above Reverend Peter Crawford, pastor of the Siloam Baptist Church, who stood impassively beside him awaiting the bride's appearance. Houston's pale blue eyes surveyed the guests defiantly, like those of a cornered lion.

Margaret's older brother Henry, a state senator, had ordered his tall Greek Revival-style house festooned with colorful flowers. But the decorations barely masked the undercurrent of tension lingering beneath the surface gaiety. The groom had felt it ever since his arrival two days before. Sam Houston, as well as most of those present, knew how close this wedding had come to never taking place.

Bridegroom and guests' gloomy thoughts vanished, however, when they saw the radiant bride approaching on the arm of her hesitant brother. Margaret's traditional gown and veil framed lustrous dark-brown hair, distinctive oval features, and "arresting violet eyes." Her face had a triumphant glow as she took her place beside her intended. Pastor Crawford, whose frequent prayers of late had reflected his own grave doubts regarding the marriage, finally began the ceremony.

It was May 9, 1840, almost a year to the day since Sam Houston, tired of his lonely existence, had first laid eyes on the beauty now standing beside him. During the following months, the couple had waged a determined battle against family and friends intent on keeping them apart. Margaret's mother Nancy, a strong-willed Baptist widow, had futilely tried to talk her stubborn daughter out of the match.

Sam Houston's close friends, familiar with the Texas hero's stormy past, were even more vehemently opposed. Dr. Ashbel Smith, the General's closest confidant during his Texas presidency, advised Houston that he had better stay single. Barnard E. Bee, another close associate, went even further. In a letter to Smith, Bee flatly stated that "I have never met with an individual more totally unsuited for domestic happiness—he will not live with her six months."

Why did Sam Houston and Margaret Lea—separated in age by a gulf of twenty-six years and with seemingly incompatible temperaments—proceed despite unanimous disapproval from those who knew them best? The answer to that question is central to an understanding of the perplexing legend whose name was synonymous with Texas for over thirty years. Houston's marriage to Margaret Lea would change his life and career in ways he could not have imagined on that memorable day in 1840.

"Two classes of people pursued Sam Houston all his life," noted a nineteenth-century observer, "—artists and women." Yet Houston experienced a failed marriage in 1829, and the hard-living, hard-drinking Texan's 1840 betrothal to twenty-one-year-old Margaret Moffette Lea seemed similarly doomed. Surprisingly, the unlikely partnership changed Houston's life and career in ways that no one could have imagined.

PORTRAIT OF SAM HOUSTON BY FREEMAN THORP, IN THE TEXAS GOVERNOR'S MANSION, AUSTIN
COURTESY OF ARCHIVES DIVISION, TEXAS STATE LIBRARY, AUSTIN

NOTHING in Margaret Lea's childhood suggests the steel-willed determination that led her to the altar with Sam Houston. Nancy Lea considered Margaret the most cooperative of her three attractive daughters. Introspective by nature, young Margaret loved to read romantic literature and compose sweet love poems. The child's normally sunny disposition, though, was sometimes disturbed by mood swings and depressions she could not explain.

Margaret's beloved father, Temple, a Baptist preacher and visionary, died when she was fifteen, leaving his daughter prostrate with grief. Nancy Lea, putting aside her own sadness, tried to comfort the unhappy girl. When Margaret accepted Christianity four years later, Nancy's hopes soared. She thought Baptist influence would turn Margaret more toward others and away from intense self-analysis. Marriage to an earthy person of Sam Houston's unsavory background was the last thing any of the pious Leas had expected.

From his earliest days, Sam Houston had been the center of continuous controversy. Supporters and detractors alike, however, were united in calling him one of the giants of his era. Historian Henry Steele Commager said that "Houston is too good to be true . . . this man who wrought such mighty deeds . . . if he had not existed, we should have had to create him."

Child of a prosperous Virginia family, Houston emigrated to Tennessee with his widowed mother in 1807. Though he later called her "a heroine . . . an extraordinary woman," not even Sam's deep love for Elizabeth Houston could keep him farm-bound when wilderness adventure beckoned. Running away at age sixteen in 1809, he became the adopted son of nearby Cherokee Indians, earning a new name—Colon-neh—the Raven.

Houston's professional career, though marked with serious reverses, was already one of the most successful in American history. A wounded and decorated hero of the Creek Indian Wars, Houston had subsequently become a U.S. congressman, governor of Tennessee, heroic leader of Texas armies at San Jacinto, and president of the Texas Republic. Later he would serve yet another term as Texas president and—after the republic achieved statehood—as a U.S. senator and as governor of Texas.

In stark contrast to his professional accomplishments, Houston's personal life had been an unmitigated disaster before he met Margaret Lea. Throughout his adult life Houston had been a heavy—albeit usually controlled—drinker. His pursuit of fame and professional accomplishment kept him single until age thirty-six, when he finally married out of political necessity. Houston's choice, eighteen-year-old Eliza Allen of Nashville, seemed the perfect mate for one so distinguished. Eliza's parents, ignoring disquieting rumblings of her feelings for another man, pushed their beautiful daughter into marriage with Tennessee Governor Houston in January 1829.

It was the greatest mistake Sam Houston ever made. Three months after the wedding, his young wife fled under circumstances that still remain shrouded in mystery. The governor, fearing disaster, appeared at the Allen plantation to make amends. Eliza's parents, incensed at the affront to their daughter's reputation, brusquely ordered her distraught husband off the premises.

Houston's political supporters, already embroiled in a bitter campaign to reelect him, urged their leader to answer the rumors sweeping the state. But he steadfastly refused, saying only that "This is a painful, but it is a private affair. I do not recognize the right of the public to interfere in it, and I shall treat the public as though it never happened."

What followed next left everyone in shock. Shouldering the entire blame, Houston suddenly resigned his high office and left Nashville on the steamboat *Red Rover* in late April 1829. Later reflecting on the incident, Houston described his feelings as the ship pulled away: "I was in an agony of despair and strongly tempted to leap overboard and end my worthless life."

Rejoining his adopted Indian brothers at their new home in Arkansas Territory, Houston moved in with Diana Rogers, a Cherokee widow and old flame from former days. With his once-promising career seemingly in ruins, Houston let his already heavy drinking soar out of control. He ordered nine barrels of liquor for his own use and, during a drunken rage, even hit his Cherokee foster father. The normally tolerant Indians, impatient with such behavior, finally dubbed him "Big Drunk."

Finally, in December 1832, acting on the advice of President Andrew Jackson, whose friendship and respect he had earned during the War of 1812, Sam Houston went to Texas to begin a new life. His purpose, says biographer Llerena Friend, was "to make a living and a name for himself. His separation from his wife had shattered his personal life and his political future."

During the next eight years, Houston performed the deeds that would win him undying fame. Taking advantage of an explosive situation, he became commander in chief of Texas armed forces in early 1836. Following his stunning victory at San Jacinto, Texans overwhelmingly elected him president of the struggling young republic. Houston left office in late 1838 with his tarnished political reputation restored.

Personal happiness still eluded the forty-six-year-old warrior, who increasingly longed for the comforts of a wife and family. Houston's one attempt at serious courtship during his presidential term, to a young lady named Anna Raguet, ended in failure. Feelings of depression and bitterness again led him back to his only reliable solace—the bottle.

Houston's physician, Dr. Ashbel Smith, became concerned about the Raven's drinking in the last months of his presidency. The frustrated hero poured out his soul in a poignant letter. "How sad the scenes

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Recommended additional reading: Sam Houston: The Great Designer *by Llerena Friend (University of Texas, 1954);* The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston *by Marquis James (Bobbs-Merrill, 1929); and* Sam Houston's Wife: A Biography of Margaret Lea Houston *by William Seale (University of Oklahoma, 1970).*

must be at my Leevees [sic], no Mrs. H— there, and how many who will attend can claim fair Dames as theirs!!! You know the adage 'every dog', etc. My day will come!"

It came sooner than Houston might have imagined. Traveling east in early 1839 on business (and drinking heavily along the way), Houston made his way to Mobile, Alabama. His purpose was to interest investors in a new city springing up in east Texas. Upon his arrival in Mobile, Houston approached William Bledsoe, a wealthy man always alert for good business opportunities. Bledsoe thought that his mother-in-law, Nancy Lea, might also be interested in the investment opportunity. Lea's twenty-year-old daughter Margaret, who had long been smitten with the Texas hero, teased her sister Antoinette (Bledsoe's wife) into arranging an introduction.

It was not the first time Margaret had seen the tall Texan. Three years earlier, as a seventeen-year-old student, she had been overwhelmed with emotion upon witnessing Houston's arrival on a crowded wharf in New Orleans, where he had traveled for treatment of wounds suffered at San Jacinto. The schoolgirl had vowed on the spot to meet him one day.

The general was immediately attracted to Margaret. "Sam Houston," says author Marquis James, "thought he had never seen anything as beautiful as the girl who regarded him with placid violet eyes . . . She had been incapable of dispelling the premonition that some time she would meet this romantic man, and the meeting shaped her destiny."

Viewing her marriage to Sam Houston as a divine calling, Margaret Lea set out to save the Texan hero from himself.

COURTESY OF THE EUGENE C. BARKER TEXAS HISTORY CENTER, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, AUSTIN

Twenty-six years his junior and seemingly incompatible with Sam Houston in temperament and values, Margaret Houston (shown at right at about the time of their marriage) seemed an unlikely wife for the controversial Texan. Exhibiting the same stubborn patience that had enabled her to overcome objections to the marriage by her family, Margaret soon undertook the equally daunting task of reforming her husband.

"I have never met an individual more totally unsuited for domestic happiness."

COURTESY OF ARCHIVES DIVISION, TEXAS STATE LIBRARY, AUSTIN

DURING the next hectic month, Sam Houston and the Alabama beauty became inseparable. Nancy Lea, who had already agreed to consider Houston's land scheme, became alarmed at his increasing interest in her daughter. She made veiled references about his lurid past and even confronted the general about the evils of strong drink. Despite such efforts, Margaret soon accepted the proposal of the fascinating man twenty-six years her senior.

Out of respect for her mother's feelings, Margaret refused to marry Houston immediately. She laid down firm conditions, requiring Houston to travel to Marion, Alabama, to meet her family before the wedding could take place. Margaret stuck to that resolution over the next year, despite numerous entreaties from her lonely lover.

Houston, finally realizing Margaret was serious, returned to Texas in disappointment. Nancy Lea, still hoping to change Margaret's mind, took her home to Marion. But her stubborn daughter was as resistant to family pleas to change her wedding plans as she had been to Houston's pressure for an immediate marriage.

In October 1839, Nancy Lea, accompanied by Bledsoe and Antoinette, arrived in Galveston, Texas, to find a new home. Houston, meeting them at the dock, voiced disappointment that Margaret was not with them. Nancy lost no time in putting her would-be son-in-law in his place. "General Houston," she replied firmly, "my daughter is in Alabama. She goes forth in the world to marry no man. The one who receives her hand will receive it in my home and not elsewhere." Later Nancy and Sam developed a measure of fondness for one another despite her refusal to accompany the Texan when he fi-

Although those who knew Houston best despaired of him ever succeeding in matrimony, when this portrait was made in 1845 not only was he still happily married but had, with Margaret Houston's encouragement, overcome his compulsive and longstanding drinking habit.

nally left for Alabama in April 1840.

Houston, busy with Texas political affairs, had postponed wedding dates twice before agreeing to go to Marion in May 1840. Even at that late date, he arrived there only two days before the wedding. Margaret, who had passed the time writing poetry, felt "like a caged bird whose weary pinions have been folded for weeks and months—at length it longs to escape," and she was overjoyed that their separation had finally ended.

The Leas, still aghast at Houston's suspected drinking, attempted final desperate measures to prevent the ceremony. One unnamed relative went so far as threatening to refuse to allow the wedding to take place unless the groom told the full story behind his separation from Eliza Allen. Angered at his impudence, Houston crisply told the fellow he could "call his fiddlers off." The wedding proceeded without further incident.

At a reception several days later, Major Towns, an old Lea family friend, toasted the new Mrs. Houston as "the Conqueress of the Conqueror." The deceptively frail Margaret, fully aware of the risk she had taken, set off on her crusade to reform her husband.

Sam and Margaret soon departed on the SS *New York* for Galveston and a new life. What had possessed Margaret to marry someone whose past and values ran totally counter to hers—a man whose good friend, George Hockley, had called the marriage "Houston's death warrant?"

Donald Braider, a recent Houston biographer, provides persuasive evidence as to Margaret's motives. "In Houston, she discovered a great man who stood sorely in need of just the kind of salvation to which she . . . believed she had the key. She loved him . . . and his was a soul worth saving." Houston's bride believed her marriage was a calling direct from God—she saw herself on a divine mission to save the Texan hero from himself.

Margaret wasted no time in asserting her influence over Houston. Even before the couple arrived in Texas, she had the general drinking "mild bitters" in an effort to give up alcohol. Gladly, almost meekly, he accepted her ultimatums. Dr. Smith had already warned Houston that continued drinking would eventually kill him.

The Houstons set up temporary Galveston residence with Nancy Lea until they could move into their new home, already under construction nearby. Houston was quickly caught up in his old pursuits. Leaving Margaret with her mother, he was soon involved in a marathon campaign for reelection as Texas president.

Margaret sat helplessly by, frustrated, while Houston's enemies tore his reputation to shreds. At rallies all over Texas, they called the hero of San Jacinto a "drunkard," a "reeling helmsman," and worse. His bride, still worried about his drinking, had to accept the general's assurances concerning his sobriety. Despite the bitter tactics of his opponents, Houston won reelection in September 1841.

Their early months of marriage established a pattern that lasted throughout the couple's twenty-three years together. While Houston pursued politics, Margaret remained at home, continually assuring him of her love and interest. Her resolution to stay out of his political life, developed after months of frustration, reflected a growing awareness of her importance in her husband's life, whether together or separated.

Sam Houston was, above all, a political animal, reveling in the adulation of crowds, the exercise of power, and the trappings of office. As president of Texas, U.S. senator, and governor of the Lone Star state, he compiled a record matched by few of his contemporaries. His wife learned to live with the passion that kept Houston away for months at a time, knowing that politics worked like a soothing tonic on his restless spirit.

Margaret had made early attempts, usually ending in frustration, to share the General's political life. In July 1842, the couple faced grave danger in Houston City when the president's enemies threatened his life over Houston's refusal to go to war with Mexico. "He stationed no guard around his house . . . The blinds in the windows were wide open . . . his wife . . . calmly sustained him . . . the gay voice of his wife, mingling with the tones of . . . the piano, was coming forth from the . . . windows of Houston's dwelling." But Margaret, her high-strung nature tiring of such incidents, became even more determined to avoid politics whenever possible.

Confronted with this reality, she resolved to concentrate on areas where she could have maximum impact. Her primary emphasis was to make a home for Sam Houston where none had existed before. Ever since his departure from Tennessee in 1829, the Raven had been a wanderer. The uncertainties of his nomadic existence had been part of the pressures leading him to drink.

Margaret's loving yet firm insistence on abstinence changed Houston's situation markedly. He soon felt an emotional security he had never known before and was better able to control himself. Formerly skeptical friends rejoiced at the change in their leader. Ashbel Smith described the transformed Texan in a letter to Barnard Bee. "His health is excellent, as good or better than I have ever seen it. He . . . strange to say is a model of conjugal propriety. His health and ways are infinitely mended."

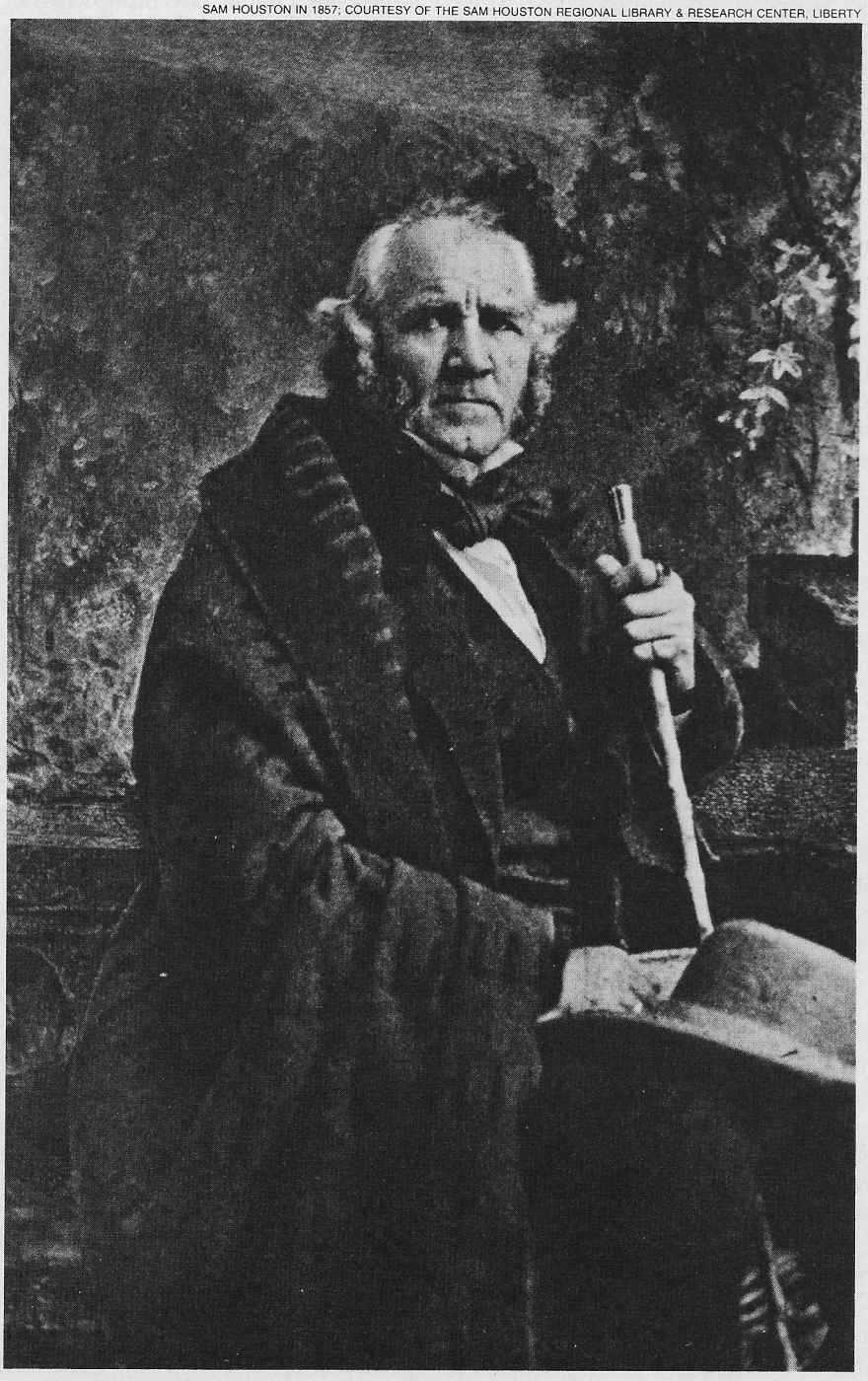
Throughout their married life, the Houstons wandered about east Texas like inveterate gypsies, making homes in at least twelve places. Independence, Huntsville, and the Cedar Point farm near Galveston were their most frequent stops. Whenever Houston was off politicking, Margaret stayed alone or with the Bledsoes at Grand Cane, the plantation they had bought near the Trinity River. Despite his new-found security, wandering was in Houston's blood. His prolonged absences in Washington, D.C., Austin, and elsewhere were a constant strain on Margaret, who brooded over real or imagined problems.

The Houstons' finances were always precarious, due to moving, heavy political expenses, and lack of attention to their properties. Cedar Point, for example, could have been profitable if properly managed.

Margaret nevertheless carried on as best she could in this hectic environment, raising eight children over

"You have heard that my wife has reformed me. This is pretty true. Margaret gets all the credit for my good actions, and I have to endure all the censure of my bad ones."

SAM HOUSTON IN 1857; COURTESY OF THE SAM HOUSTON REGIONAL LIBRARY & RESEARCH CENTER, LIBERTY



the years. The first, Sam Houston, Jr., was born at Washington-on-the-Brazos, temporary capital of the republic, on May 25, 1843. Margaret's already strong influence on Sam, Sr., increased after having their first son. Family friend W.D. Miller noted in a letter, "You would suppose the President is proud of his boy—and you would not be far mistaken!" Though he loved all his children, Houston reserved a special place for his first.

Margaret was not above using her health as an excuse to get Houston's attention. Illnesses, both real and imagined, plagued her all her life. The worst occurred in 1847, when Dr. Smith removed a cancerous breast tumor. Through thirteen years as a senator in Washington, D.C., Sam wrote home every Sunday and returned whenever Margaret's health seemed in danger.

HOUSTON'S STRUGGLE with alcohol turned out to be a prolonged one. Margaret continued to insist on total self-control. Close friends such as George Hockley supported her efforts: "All agree that if a permanent reformation can be effected, his estimable wife will succeed in doing so. God grant it." The process was easier because the patient wanted to cooperate. In September 1840, he wrote to Margaret "that you should be distressed is inexpressible wretchedness to me!" . . . If you hear the truth, you never shall hear of my being on a 'spree.'"

The climax of Houston's battle with alcohol came in January 1843, when Margaret was at her mother's awaiting the birth of Sam, Jr. Sam, lonely and dejected in Washington-on-the-Brazos, went on a binge and

Although Sam Houston's later life was marked by great political disappointments, including loss of the Texas governorship and seccession of his beloved state to the Confederacy, these were compensated for in large measure by the happy marriage and personal contentment that had eluded him in earlier years—achievements that Houston freely acknowledged were due to "a wife that I love."

had his servant cut up a beautiful bed that "obscured his view." But before Margaret could find out from others, he hurried to her side to pour out the full story.

Biographer William Seale described her reaction: "Margaret had been unwise in believing Sam Houston could be reformed so easily . . . Since their marriage, Margaret had competed with his political life . . . although she clearly saw that . . . though she had no place in her husband's career, he needed her as an escape from his emotional uncertainty. Her competition, then, was not his political career, but his one other escape, liquor." Sam Houston relied on Margaret to help him overcome this obstacle, and she responded willingly. "She had learned that she held power over Sam Houston," says Seale, "and she intended to use it. Because Sam Houston loved her, he subjected his private conduct to her judgment." From this time on, the couple made an unspoken bargain. Margaret would stop fighting Sam's political plans, and he would totally give up the bottle.

Houston himself testified years later to the effectiveness of his wife's efforts. In an address to clergymen in 1853, he said "total abstinence is the only way . . . some intemperate drinkers can be saved. I know it from my own personal experience. When a person's appetite . . . becomes uncontrollable, he should 'touch not, handle not.'" Sam Houston never touched alcohol again after 1843.

The Texas hero was elected to the U.S. Senate in February 1846, serving until March 1859. Margaret, intent on providing a calm home life for her children, remained in Texas. After breast surgery in 1847, she embarked on the most ambitious part of her "conquest." She had been haunted by premonitions of an early death since the bout with cancer and as a devout Baptist worried about her children being brought up by a non-Christian father.

Margaret's early attempts to get Houston to convert were rebuffed. Though respecting her belief, he refused to be baptized. Preoccupied with the struggle against alcohol, Margaret bided her time.

Lonely for her husband, Margaret saw no more compelling mission than bringing him to Christianity. Her letters were soon filled with admonitions to consider his spiritual welfare. "In a true sense," writes Seale, "Houston's soul was in her hands. Her prayers and her life itself were dedicated to guiding her husband on the right path."

Houston had been searching for spiritual fulfillment throughout his life. Elizabeth Houston had raised her son as a devout Presbyterian. But the devastating personal rejection of his first marriage had also led him to reject all organized religion. Dr. William Hume, the Nashville Presbyterian minister who had united Houston and Eliza in marriage, refused Sam's anguished request for baptism after their separation. Despite his disillusionment, Houston had never given up his search for God.

Soon after arriving in Washington, D.C., in 1846, Houston began attending Reverend George Samson's E Street Baptist Church out of loyalty to Margaret. As time went on, the pastor's inspired preaching began to tell on his distinguished listener. Whittling toys in the front row, Houston absorbed everything and later shared the details in long letters to his overjoyed wife.

Margaret's efforts took seven long years to finally bear fruit. The family's 1853 move to Independence, Texas, brought Houston under the influence of Rufus Burleson, president of Baylor University, who helped him resolve his remaining doubts. On November 19, 1854, at age sixty-one, Sam Houston waded into the cold waters of Rocky Creek near Independence and was baptized by Dr. Burleson. A friend remarked, "Well, General, I hear your sins were washed away." "I hope so," Houston replied, "but if they were all washed away, the Lord help the fish down there." He remained a devoted Christian for the remainder of his life.

HOUSTON'S FINAL YEARS were filled with political and personal disappointments. After leaving the Senate in 1859, he could have enjoyed a comfortable retirement, but chose instead to run for governor of Texas as a Unionist. Winning an upset victory over Hardin R. Runnels, the secessionist incumbent, Houston battled against hopeless odds for the next fifteen months to keep Texas in the Union. His opponents, intent on joining the Confederacy, forced Houston from office in March 1861. Governor Houston's closing message, a final anguished plea, warned Texans about the dangers of civil war. Margaret stood by him throughout the ordeal, sharing his grief when Sam, Jr., joined the Confederate army despite their entreaties.

Sam Houston died on July 26, 1863, soon after hearing of the Confederacy's defeat at Vicksburg. His last words summed up the two great loves of his life. "Texas—Texas—Margaret."

What, in the final analysis, can be said of the marriage between Sam and Margaret Houston? Instead of foundering as the skeptics had predicted, their relationship grew stronger year by year. Two strong-willed people learned to adjust to one another and compromise on areas of potential disagreement. Each ministered to the other's needs while allowing his or her own to be met to the benefit of both. Sam Houston, already a giant on the political scene, was finally able to find the personal peace that had eluded him for so long. His victory over alcohol and his successful search for spiritual fulfillment, inspired by his wife, were perhaps his greatest personal achievements.

Margaret Lea completed her "conquest" of Sam Houston one area at a time, blending determination, patience, and love. Houston himself was her biggest supporter and testified often about the debt he owed her. "It has been my lot," he wrote, "to be happily united, to a wife that I love . . . My wife is pious, her great desire is . . . the fear and admonition of the Lord. It is likewise my desire . . . You have . . . heard that my wife . . . has reformed me . . . This is pretty true." "Margaret," he concluded, "gets all the credit for my good actions, and I have to endure all the censure of my bad ones." ★

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Orson Fowler: Foursquare Pioneer in the Progressive Tradition

by Joseph Gustaitis

ORSON FOWLER had made his money, and now the time had come to build a house worthy of his success. But not for him the scrolls of Hudson River Gothic or the stately columns of Greek Revival. Orson Fowler was a radical, a man of the future. As America's foremost exponent of the new science of phrenology, Fowler visualized a dwelling as farsighted as his calling.

The result, erected in Fishkill, New York, between 1850 and 1853, set off an architectural craze. Fowler's house was in the shape of an octagon, and during the next several years thousands of imitations mushroomed across the nation. The few that survive today are heirlooms from an age of imagination, invention, and wild ideas that sometimes worked—and sometimes did not. Fowler's life revolved around such ideas.

Orson Squire Fowler was born in Cohocton, New York, in 1809. He aspired to the ministry and went to Amherst, but a trip to Boston in 1832 deflected him from his religious goal, for there he heard a lecture by Viennese doctor Johann Kasper Spurzheim on phrenology, the great new science of interpreting character by studying the conformation of the skull. Spurzheim and his followers organized the skull into thirty-five sections, which were then examined for such qualities as Acquisitiveness, Individuality, Wit, Idealism, etc.—a person's talents and personality could be read like a book. Fowler was enthralled, and when he found that people would pay handsomely to have their crania scrutinized, he, along with his younger brother Lorenzo, moved to New York City and began a career that made him known as "The Prince of Phrenology."

The brothers began to publish the Phrenological Almanac in 1840, and they took over the American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany in 1842. Fowler became a savant of immense influence and the author of best-selling books, most of which were produced by his own publishing firm. They ranged through a jumble of semi-scientific subjects, and his writings on marriage and "amativeness" included such frank discussions of sexuality that sales soared.

Like many an overeager reformer, Fowler ran indiscriminately through all of the then-current trends promising human betterment, and, with his long beard, powerful nose, and intense eyes, he had the mien to complement his zeal. He was a vegetarian, a foe of alcohol, tea, and "the drinks of Java," an admirer of the "water cure," and a thunderous critic of the corset as "gradual suicide."

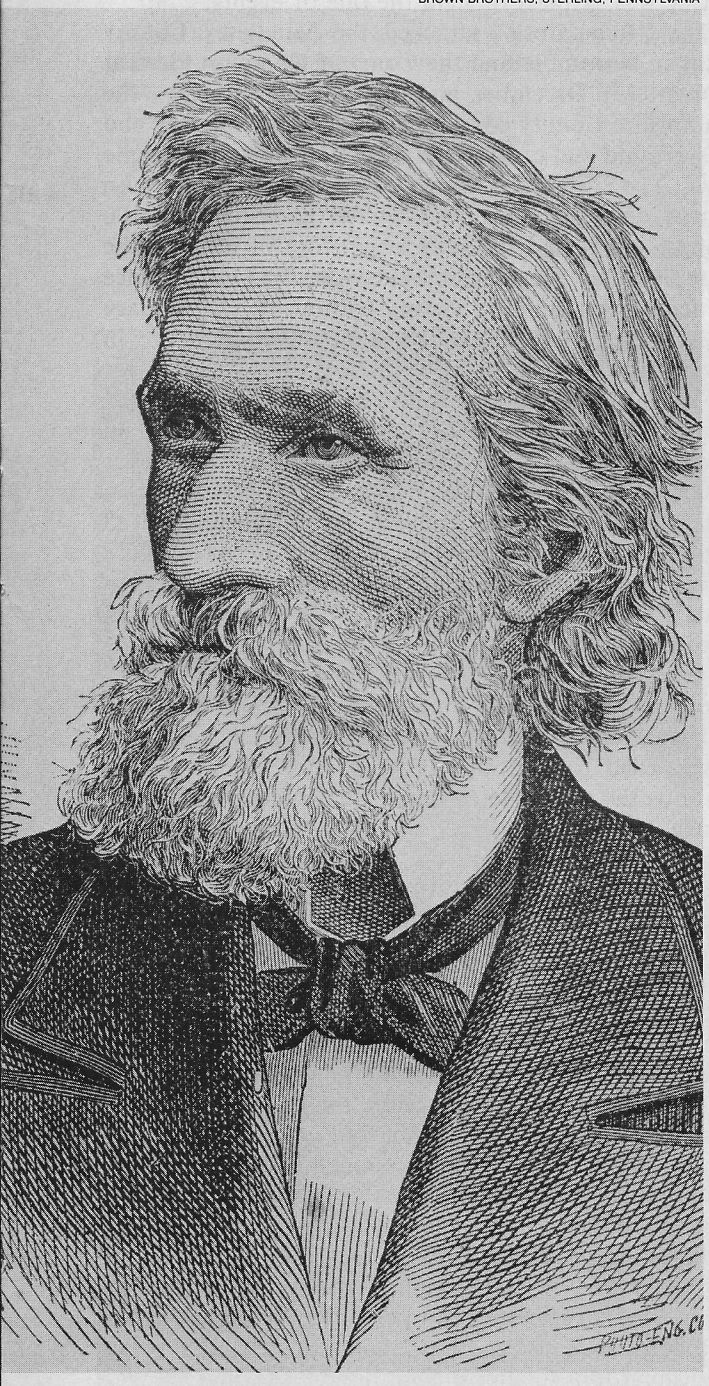
It was completely in character for this crusader to turn to the subject of house design with equal radicalism and announce that all previous architects had missed the boat. His new gospel was proclaimed in "A Home For All: or, the Gravel Wall, and Octagon Mode of Building," published in 1849 and in an expanded edition in 1853. The Fishkill house was to be the triumphant proof that a home with eight walls was mightily superior to one with a measly four.

First, Fowler said, an octagonal home is cheaper to build. Since the ratio of floor space to wall area is much higher—at least twenty percent—a builder gets a larger home for the same amount of wall construction. Also, windows on eight sides let in more sunlight. Greater compactness creates fuel savings; a cupola permits efficient ventilation; and a wrap-around porch maximizes cooling summer breezes. Fowler also argued that the octagon gives a more convenient flow between rooms—one could go "about this house," he wrote, "with less than half the steps requisite in other houses as usually arranged."

Fowler's sensitivity to architectural innovations led him to employ an impressive number of new ideas in his home, and at least half a dozen of his improvements have become standard. He was one of the first to use hot and cold running water, filtered drinking water, and a basement furnace. He advocated that new device, the dumbwaiter, and was among the first to argue for plentiful closet space—a near-mania in today's building. His thoughts on glass were pure twentieth-century. He not only advocated its abundant use in walls, but speculated that it could be perfect for roofs and floors. Fowler also pioneered bringing the kitchen into the center of home life. Earlier builders had seemed almost ashamed of the kitchen, but Fowler held that it "is the 'holy of holies' of fire-side comforts . . . Sensible men love to see the kitchen, and they even take pleasure in going into it."

Finally, Fowler was so bold as to counsel the inclusion of indoor toilets. It is difficult today to appreciate

BROWN BROTHERS, STERLING, PENNSYLVANIA



how shocking this idea was then, but people innately felt that performing certain body functions within a home was downright disgusting. Even Fowler was not daring enough to suggest the indoor W.C. be used routinely: "To squeamish maidens and fastidious beaux this point is not submitted, but matrons, the aged and feeble, are asked, is not such a closet a real household necessity and luxury? Yet it need be used only in cases of special need, the one generally used being outside, as usual."

Fowler's house was not history's first octagonal building, but it was solely because of his reputation that the idea became a craze. Octagons went up from New England to California to the South—the most impressive surviving example is "Nutt's Folly" in Natchez, Mississippi. Yet, like all fads, the octagon mode speedily evaporated. Some attribute its decline to the depression brought on by the Panic of 1857, and that surely was a factor, but it is likely that word-of-mouth got around that the design had deficiencies. Not only did closets often wind up where windows should be, but the floor plan inevitably created rooms with a lot of awkward triangular corners.

Whatever the reasons, the fad was over well before the Civil War. The financial panic forced Fowler out of the publishing business, and he rented out the octagon house and moved to Massachusetts. His first wife died in 1865, but he married twice more and fathered three children after the age of seventy. Phrenology proved as much a fad as octagons, and his fame declined. He died on a farm near Sharon, Connecticut, in 1887—in a square house.

To dismiss Fowler's octagon mania as the amusing ramblings of misguided amateur is tempting. Yet considering all the progressive ideas that went into his home, it is no exaggeration to claim, as the architectural historian Clay Lancaster has, that "it was perhaps the most modern house in America in its day." Fowler's greatest innovation may have gone nowhere, but so many others were successful—in great measure because of his influence—that, despite his oddities, Fowler stands squarely in the progressive tradition of American architecture. ★

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Shays' Rebellion

senate, curtailment of the governor's powers of appointment, and a convention to amend the state's constitution.

But the protesters were not content merely to issue demands. Soon they were following up their demands with coercive and sometimes frighteningly violent demonstrations. Following the Hampshire County convention in late August, 1,500 men armed with guns and swords invaded the courthouse at Northampton and summarily ordered the judges to adjourn. At Great Barrington, in Berkshire County, eight hundred protesters invaded the courthouse, released prisoners from the jail, and threatened the judges who protested their actions. At Springfield, Daniel Shays and Luke Day closed the courthouse doors, while at Concord, less than twenty miles from Boston, Nathan Smith, Sylvanus Smith and Job Shattuck prevented the Middlesex County court from sitting. By fall, mobs armed with muskets and hickory clubs—and sporting sprigs of hemlock in their hats as emblems of their allegiance to the burgeoning rebel cause—were roaming the interior counties.

Although the protesters clearly had many sympathizers, there were fully as many other residents of Massachusetts who vigorously deplored their lawlessness. Judge Artemas Ward, a former major general in the Continental Army, stood up to the rebels in Worcester, braving their bayonets to lecture them on the dangers of anarchy and to plead that "the sun never shines on rebellion in Massachusetts." At Taunton in Bristol County, Chief Justice David Cobb, another former general, took command of a field piece and a band of thirty volunteers and, vowing to "sit as a judge or die as a general," guarded the Bristol court from the mob that attempted to close it.

As the disturbances spread across Massachusetts, public officials throughout the United States grew uneasy. John Jay feared a crisis. "I am uneasy and apprehensive," he wrote; "more so than during the war." George Washington was increasingly concerned. "[W]hat is the cause of all these commotions?" he asked his former aide-de-camp, David Humphreys, in October. "Do they proceed from licentiousness, British influence disseminated by the tories, or real grievances which admit of redress? If the latter, why were they delayed 'til the public mind had been so much agitated? If the former, why are not the powers of Government tried at once?"

As Washington voiced his concern, the powers of the government—state and national—were swinging slowly into action. Governor Bowdoin condemned the "riot, anarchy and confusion" of the protesters, and the legislature suspended the writ of habeas corpus. The Massachusetts council authorized a state army of 4,400 men to be commanded by Major General Benjamin Lincoln, another veteran of the Continental Army, while in New York U.S. Secretary of War Henry Knox assured Bowdoin that he would lead a federal army to the scene of the crisis if the Commonwealth's militia proved inadequate.

Undaunted by the armies arrayed against them, the protesters pressed ahead. Their numbers had swelled greatly since the beginning of the "troubles," and they had organized themselves into a kind of volunteer army styled the "Regulators." Increasingly, Daniel Shays was acting as their spokesman. Shays still hoped to avoid a showdown ("For God's sake," he asked a friend as late as December 1786, "have matters settled peaceably?"), but he was helpless to stem the tide of events.

The "Regulators" attacked the Middlesex County court in November and the Court of Common Pleas at Worcester in December, and they laid plans to close the Hampshire County court at Springfield in January and to surround and capture the federal arsenal in the same town. The Springfield arsenal was a risky target because it was defended by a well-armed garrison of 1,100 troops, but it had the only large store of arms in the state, and the "Regulators" knew they had little chance of achieving a military victory without it. On January 24, 1787, they boldly vowed they "would lodge in Springfield the next night or in *Hell*."

At four o'clock the following afternoon, Daniel Shays rode boldly into Springfield at the head of an "army" of 1,500 determined "Regulators." As Shays and his men approached to within 250 yards of the arsenal, militia commander General William Shepard fired two of his cannon "at such an elevation as not to injure them." When the insurgents refused to turn back, Shepard aimed two of his cannon directly at their line and fired more than a dozen rounds of grapeshot. After the smoke cleared, four "Regulators" lay dead in the snow, and twenty others were wounded.

Then General Lincoln arrived on the scene. As the rebels tried to regroup, Lincoln aggressively pushed them to the west. He followed them through Ludlow, South Hadley, Amherst, and Pelham to Petersham where, on the morning of February 4, he surprised Shays's army, captured 150 men, and forced the remainder, Shays among them, to flee into the Berkshires.

With the rebel army in disarray, the courts and the legislature began to mete out stern punishment to the "Regulators." In Berkshire County, eight men were sentenced to be hanged. In Hampshire, six more men were condemned to death, and many others were fined or imprisoned. In mid-February, the legislature met to pass a harsh Disqualifying Act that offered pardons to rebel privates and noncommissioned officers, but disqualified them from voting, serving on juries, or working as schoolteachers, innkeepers, or liquor retailers for a period of three years. In March, the legislature appointed a special commission to determine the fate of the insurgent officers. Led by the moderating influence of Benjamin Lincoln, the commission eventually extended pardons to almost eight hundred former "Regulators."

APF.

"I hold that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing . . . as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical."

Daniel Shays, who had escaped to New Hampshire after the rout at Petersham, moved on to Vermont, where he stayed about a year. When his petition for a Massachusetts pardon was finally granted, he found that he had no stomach for returning to Pelham and decided instead to settle in upstate New York. He died there in 1825, still poor, and largely unlamented by his one-time comrades-in-arms in "Shays' Rebellion."

THOUGH THE REBELLION ENDED in an embarrassing defeat for the Massachusetts rebels, it did have some positive effects. Most immediately, it dramatically affected the outcome of the state elections held in April 1787, in which Governor Bowdoin and more than half of the members of the state legislature were swept from office. The new lawmakers moved quickly to soften the effect of their predecessors' actions. They repealed the Disqualifying Act, issued pardons to former rebels, and enacted at least some of the reforms that the "Regulators" had demanded—a general tax reduction and a measure authorizing certain personal and real property to be used to pay debts.

In the longer run, however, Daniel Shays's ill-fated rebellion was to have a more profound effect on American history. The events of 1786 and 1787 in Massachusetts seemed to sound a warning. Government in the United States was weak, ineffectual, and in large measure unresponsive to the needs of its citizens. Where public institutions did not heed the legitimate grievances of the people, it now seemed clear to many that the government had to be more responsive. Where government was incapable of maintaining rigorous respect for the rule of law and order, many concluded that it had to be strengthened. The fault, many public officials concluded, lay with the charter under which the United States itself was organized: the Articles of Confederation.

The Articles, drafted in 1777 and implemented in 1781, had described the United States as "a firm league of friendship." In fact, the loose coalition of states the Articles served was neither "firm" nor very friendly. The states bickered among themselves and with the national government, which lacked power to regulate commerce, to levy taxes, or even to enforce its own decisions with respect to coinage or managing foreign affairs. George Washington himself summed up a widespread feeling that the national government had to be reconstituted when he wrote his fellow-Virginian, Henry Lee, that the United States needed "a government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be .ecured." "To be more exposed in the eyes of the world," Washington continued, "and more contemptible than we already are, is hardly possible . . . Let the reins of government then be braced and held with a steady hand."

Heeding Washington's call—and with the memories of the Massachusetts insurrection freshly in mind—delegates assembled at Philadelphia on May 25, 1787, to debate the nation's political future. Less than four months later, they emerged from Independence Hall with the engrossed draft of a new "Constitution for the United States of America" in hand. Ratifying conventions were held in every state to consider the new document.

In Massachusetts, the ratifying debates were as pointed and vigorous as anywhere else in the country. There were those, suspicious of government authority, who thought that the Philadelphia delegates were grasping for power when they proposed a new Congress with powers of taxation, a strong national executive, and an independent federal judiciary. Others were as sure that those who proposed the new Constitution had only the welfare of the people in mind. One of the latter was Jonathan Smith of Lanesboro in Berkshire County, a man of simple words but strong convictions.

"Mr. President," Smith told the Massachusetts ratifying convention in January 1788, "I am a plain man, and get my living by the plough. I am not used to speak in public, but I beg your leave to say a few words to my brother ploughjoggers in this house. I have lived in a part of the country where I have known the worth of good government, by the want of it. There was a black cloud that rose in the east last winter, and spread over the west . . . The cloud rose there and burst upon us, and produced a dreadful effect. It brought on a state of anarchy that led to tyranny. I say, it brought anarchy. People that used to live peaceably, and were before good neighbors, got distracted, and took up arms against government . . . Now, Mr. President, when I saw this constitution, I found that it was a cure for these disorders. It was just such a thing as we wanted. I got a copy of it and read it over and over . . . I formed my own opinion, and was pleased with this constitution."

Harkening to the words of men such as Jonathan Smith of Lanesboro, delegates to the Massachusetts convention voted to ratify the new Constitution; and, in time, delegates to similar conventions in other states did the same. In 1789, the charter drafted at Philadelphia became the Supreme Law of the United States—in part because of the lessons learned during "Shays' Rebellion." Thomas Jefferson had said that "a little rebellion" now and then was "a medicine necessary for the sound health of government." Perhaps Jefferson was right. The insurrection in the Bay State had, indeed, been a "black cloud." But, in the end, the black cloud had a silver lining. ★

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History Bookshelf

Pearl Harbor: The Verdict of History by Gordon W. Prange with Donald M. Goldstein and Katherine V. Dillon *(McGraw Hill, New York City, 1986; 699 pages, 19.95).*
Gordon Prange's fourth posthumous publication, *Pearl Harbor* is a sequel to his earlier work, *At Dawn We Slept*. Based on years of extensive research, exclusive interviews with key participants, and previously unpublished letters and diaries, this volume delves with even greater depth into the explosive question of who was to blame for "the greatest military disaster in American history." Prange and coauthors Goldstein and Dillon reject revisionist arguments of a Roosevelt with sophisticated military strategy knowledge and prior warning of the attack and also disclaim the theory of Churchill's attempts to involve the reluctant American president in a war against Japan prior to the fateful bombing. Their basic contention is that Pearl Harbor was a drama with no villains and was mainly due to "sins of omission rather than commission." A thorough study of Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, then commander in chief of the U.S. Fleet, leads the authors to conclude that the primary responsibility for the attack rested on Kimmel, Short, and Bloch rather than on Roosevelt and his advisors.

The American Family Home, 1800-1960 by Clifford Edward Clark, Jr. *(The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1986; 281 pages, illustrated, $29.95 cloth, $14.95 paper).*
This study of the ever-popular American single-family home, from late nineteenth-century Italianate houses to ranch houses of the 1950s and 1960s, follows the basic thesis that the shifting design standards and interior spaces of middle-class American homes have been modified to reflect the changing nature of American family life. For the past century and a half, the American middle class has persisted in viewing the single-family home as its achievement of middle-class status. The author attempts to delineate not simply home styles themselves, but the ways in which these homes have been perceived by the American populace. Illustrated with photographs and interior line drawings.

Directory of Historical Agencies in North America edited by Betty Pease Smith *(American Association for State and Local History, 172 2nd Avenue North, Nashville, Tennessee, 1986; 695 pages, illustrated, paperbound, $64.95/58.45 to AASLH members).*
The new thirteenth edition of this reference book contains more than nine thousand listings of historical societies, museums, government agencies, genealogical depositories, oral history centers, folklore societies, living history groups, libraries and archival depositories, and other history-related organizations. Although expensive, it will be a valuable research tool to anyone working in the field of history.

A Son of Thunder: Patrick Henry and the American Republic by Henry Mayer *(Franklin Watts, New York City and Toronto, 1986; 529 pages, $22.50).*
Tidewater Virginian Patrick Henry, Revolutionary War leader and orator, began his career as a genteel but poor storekeeper. Later admitted to the bar, he became a champion of the common people. Though most readers know him for his fiery "Give me liberty or give me death" speech during the 1775 Assembly, Henry also played a significant role in history as the major opponent of the proposed Constitution in 1787, finally endorsing it only after the addition of the Bill of Rights. After the Revolution, Henry was elected first governor of Virginia, where he continued his fight for states' rights. Although he spent his life defending individual liberties, Henry was a "superb political actor" who also sought fame and fortune. While he eventually obtained both, he was often feared by opponents during his time as a dangerous demagogue. Mayer calls the work "a political biography . . . dramatiz[ing] the political conflict that was [Henry's] life's blood and recreat[ing] the political culture in which his career took shape and found its justification . . . [H]is forceful dissent helped to secure protection for civil liberty in the U.S. Constitution." The only modern historical and political interpretation of Patrick Henry's life and career in print, *A Son of Thunder* is fast-paced, well-written biography at its best.

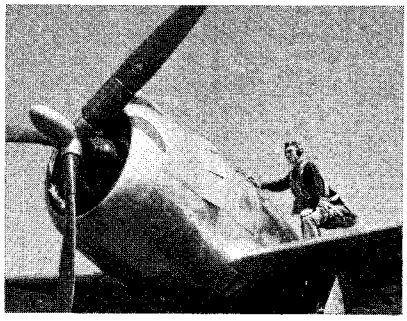
A Battlefield Atlas of the American Revolution by Craig L. Symonds with Cartography by William J. Clipson *(The Nautical & Aviation Publishing Company of America, Inc., Baltimore, Maryland, 1986; 110 pages, illustrated, $15.95).*
This reference book provides a visual and narrative overview of some forty principal military engagements and battles of the American Revolution. It is the second collaboration between Symonds and Clipson, who also created *A Battlefield Atlas of the Civil War*. Symonds's text concisely outlines the key facts, events, and results of each battle, and Clipson's accompanying maps, most rendered in two colors, plainly delineate the courses of action. Says Symonds in his introduction, "the object here is clarity more than detail . . . The text accompanying each of the maps is necessarily brief." Students and Revolutionary-era American history enthusiasts will find this slim volume a valuable reference tool.

The Cycles of American History by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *(Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1986; 498 pages, $22.95).*
In this piece de rèsistance, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (renowned author of dozens of books on American historical and political subjects and a two-time Pulitzer-Prize winner) predicts a major change in the American national mood and direction within the next decade,

while offering a myriad of observations about our national past, present, and future. Schlesinger calls America a nation of contradictions—pragmatic and ideological, magnanimous and petty, moralistic and Machiavellian, anticolonial and imperialist, New Deal and laissez-faire. In this impressive and witty volume he attempts to explain some of these historic contradictions, from foreign policy and the American character to the Cold War, from American political parties to the aftermath of "the Imperial Presidency." While *The Cycles of American History* is realistic in its acknowledgment of the problems and perils facing the nation today, it is overall an optimistic work from one of America's most distinguished modern liberalist historians.

War at Sea 1939-1945 by John Hamilton *(Blandford Press, Poole, U.K., and Sterling Publishing Company, New York City, 1986; 272 pages, illustrated, $49.95).*
This magnificent oversized volume containing 176 paintings by British artist John Hamilton relates the history of the second world war at sea with dramatic clarity. Hamilton is acknowledged as one of the world's leading painters of maritime warfare; his paintings of the Pacific actions are on display in Washington, D.C., while those portraying the conflict in Atlantic and European waters comprise a large part of the Imperial War Museum's collection on board HMS *Belfast* in London. The book's full-color paintings are supported by a comprehensive and lively text and almost fifty useful maps.

Why the South Lost the Civil War by Richard E. Beringer, Herman Hattaway, Archer Jones, and William N. Still, Jr. *(University of Georgia Press, Athens, 1986; 608 pages, illustrated, $29.95).*
The basic thesis of these four professors is that the Confederacy lost its bid for independence because Southern nationalism was not powerful enough to meet the demands of total war. In explaining the war's result, the authors play down the importance of campaigns and battles, instead emphasizing the weakness of Southern nationalism, politics, religion, and wartime psychology. Considered a controversial work by some Civil War historians and critics, *Why the South Lost the Civil War* is a companion piece to Professors Hattaway and Jones's 1983 publication *How the North Won: A Military History of the Civil War*. The authors' main contention is that once Confederate losses mounted to almost unbelievable proportions, the Southern spirit was defeated, insuring the loss of will to fight back against overwhelming odds.



Images of Flight: The Aviation Photography of Rudy Arnold by E.T. Wooldridge *(Published for the National Air and Space Museum by the Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington, D.C., and London, 1986; 160 pages, paperback, illustrated, $16.95).*
Rudy Arnold was a pioneer aerial news photographer whose career spanned the so-called Golden Age of Aviation, from the 1920s to the early days of jet aircraft. As a free lancer, and later official photographer for Brooklyn's Floyd Bennett Field, Arnold supplied aerial coverage to New York's largest newspapers, the wire services, and the leading periodicals of the day. A survivor of eight crash landings and numerous other narrow escapes, he managed to photograph most of the aircraft types and leading aviation personalities of his day. This collection includes a section of rare color views as well as over one hundred black-and-white photos of now-vintage aircraft, aviators, and milestones in aviation history.

Looking Back: The American Dream Through Immigrant Eyes, 1907-1918 by Marie Jastrow, with an introduction by Robert Jastrow *(W.W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York City, 1986; 201 pages, illustrated, $15.95).*
Sequel to the widely acclaimed *A Time to Remember*, Marie Jastrow's new book traces her family's first few years as immigrants in America, from their passage through Ellis Island in 1907 to their eventual move from New York City's upper East Side after World War I. Large type and simple language lend a "young people's story" tone to Jastrow's reminiscences but do not dilute the vivid firsthand impressions of one of the few remaining American immigrants to have passed through turn-of-the-century Ellis Island. Within the pages of her narrative are intimate glimpses at the great American melting pot: the trying experiences of new immigrants, the Panic of 1907, the pride of new citizens, the forces that divided America as it approached World War I, and the frenzy that swept New York City when the Great War ended. Jastrow's son Robert includes an introduction on the political and economic events that generated the floodtide of European immigration. Duotone period photographs enhance the narrative.

The World Almanac of the American West edited by John S. Bowman with an introduction by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. *(Pharos/World Almanac Books, New York City, 1986; 368 pages, illustrated, $29.95).*
The latest volume in the World Almanac's "History Series," *The World Almanac of the American West* provides a detailed year-by-year chronology of the westward movement as settlers slowly pushed back the frontier from the Appalachian Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The book's several thousand chronological entries—which extend from 1492 to 1985—are supplemented by numerous boxed biographies of major personalities, summaries of key events, and overviews of other topics relating to the west. ★

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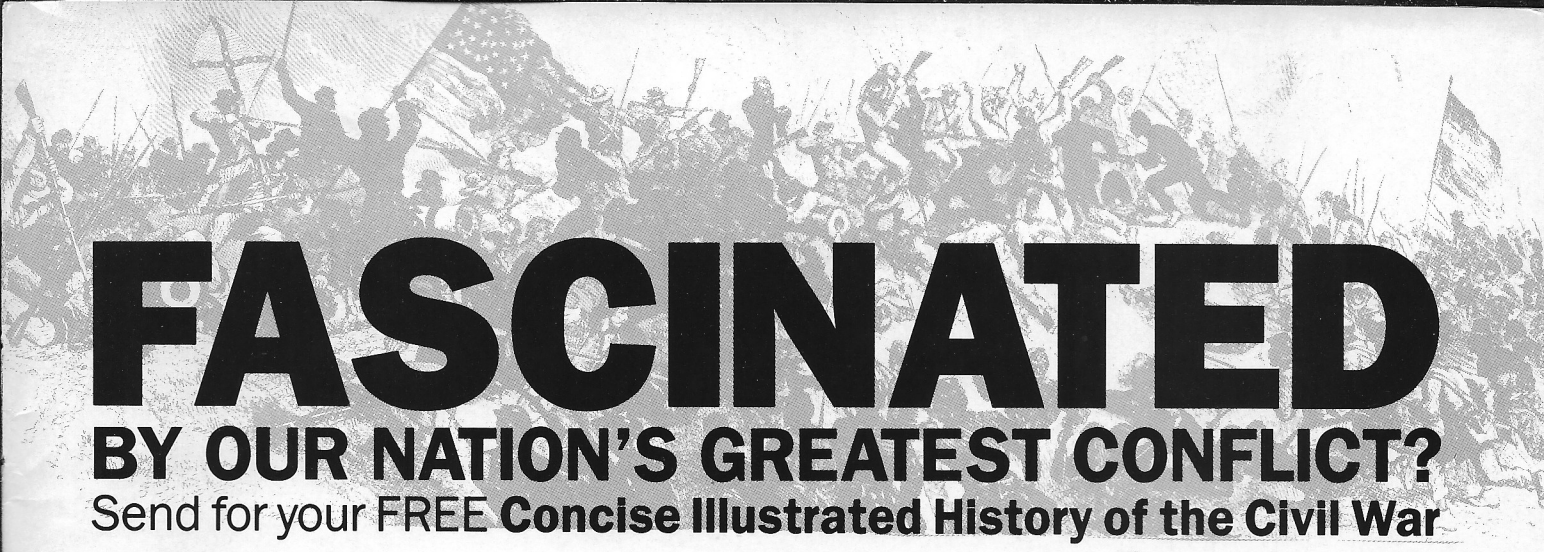

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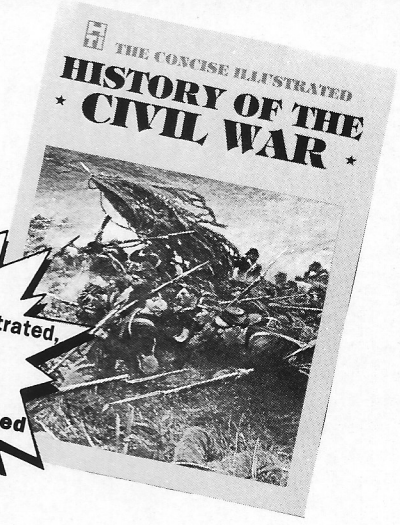

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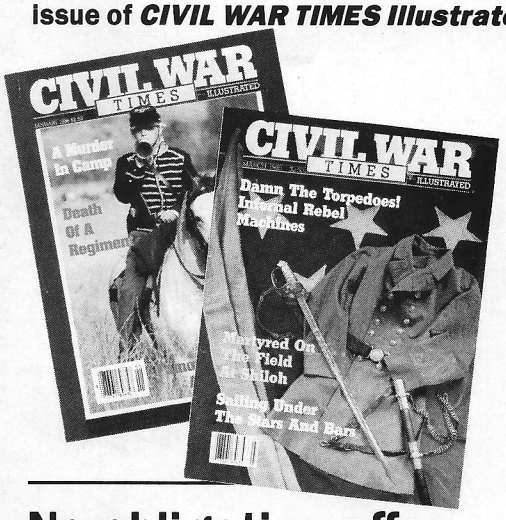

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